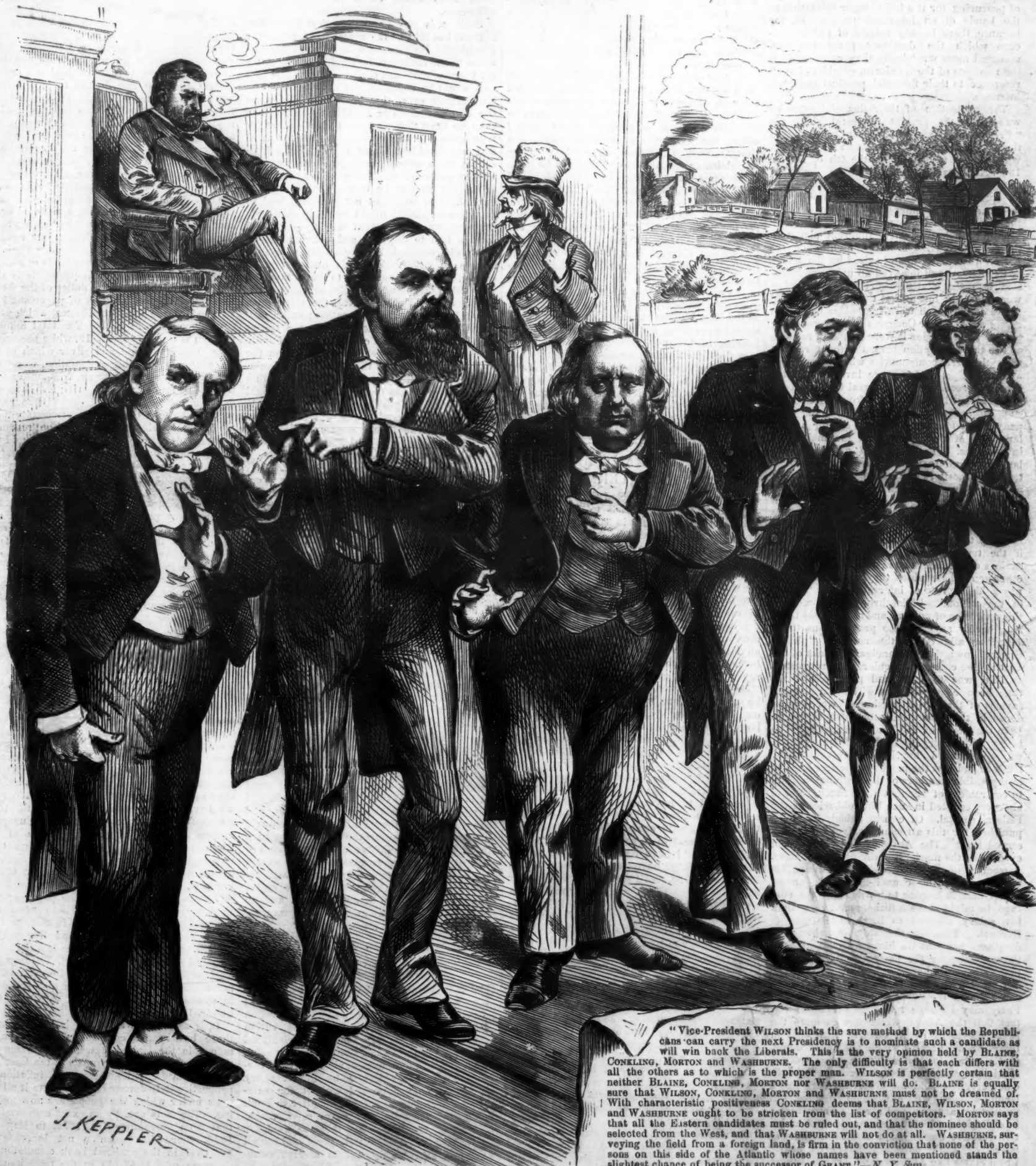


# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, MAY 22, 1875.

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J. KEPPLER

"Vice-President Wilson thinks the sure method by which the Republicans can carry the next Presidency is to nominate such a candidate as will win back the Liberals. This is the very opinion held by BLAINE, CONKLING, MORTON and WASHBURN. The only difficulty is that each differs with all the others as to which is the proper man. WILSON is perfectly certain that neither BLAINE, CONKLING, MORTON nor WASHBURN will do. BLAINE is equally sure that WILSON, CONKLING, MORTON and WASHBURN must not be dreamed of. With characteristic positiveness CONKLING deems that BLAINE, WILSON, MORTON and WASHBURN ought to be stricken from the list of competitors. MORTON says that all the Eastern candidates must be ruled out, and that the nominee should be selected from the West, and that WASHBURN will not do at all. WASHBURN, surveying the field from a foreign land, is firm in the conviction that none of the persons on this side of the Atlantic whose names have been mentioned stands the slightest chance of being the successor of GRANT."—N. Y. Sun.

COUNTING EACH OTHER OUT.

UNCLE SAM TO U. S. G.—"You're tired of sitting in the Presidential Chair—so Sargent says you told him. Each one of those fellows expects to take it when you leave for yonder farm."  
U. S. G.—"But I needn't be in a hurry to leave on their account, for, while each is counting himself in as my successor, they're all counting each other out."

"Jack Harkaway and his Friends in Search of the Mountain of Gold" began in No. 446 of Frank Leslie's BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY, issued, with Chromo, April 27.



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 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, MAY 22, 1875

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**REPUBLICAN APOLOGETICS.**

THE Republican Party has obviously and confessedly come to the end of its resources as a living organization when its apologists are reduced to the necessity of finding even in its past blunders their best hope of procuring for it a little longer toleration at the hands of an impatient people. If, for instance, there be any matter of public concern which the dominant party has mismanaged more wretchedly than another, it is the relations of the freedmen, considered with reference to their financial, political and civil interests.

The protection of their financial interests was made the pretext for establishing the "Freedmen's Savings and Trust Company" in the closing hours of the session of Congress which came to an end on the 4th of March, 1865. It was represented at the time that this body corporate was to be confined in its operations to the District of Columbia, but no sooner had it entered on its career than the managers of the concern proceeded to establish branches at thirty different places in the Southern States. This assumption of power was wholly unauthorized by the terms of its charter, and involved an unlawful intrusion into the States where these branches were planted; but at that time the conquered States of the South were treated as having no rights which either Congress or those assuming to hold power under it were bound to respect, and so the assumption passed without rebuke from the civil communities whose territorial and municipal rights were invaded by this artificial creation of the Federal Government.

Emboldened by immunity from censure for such an usurpation, the trustees of the company in 1870 applied to Congress for an enlargement of their powers in the making of investments. Previously the managers had been required to invest the moneys of their trustful depositors in "stocks, bonds, Treasury notes, or other securities of the United States." This arrangement protected the interests of depositors, but offered little room for speculation in the management of the funds accumulated by the Bank. So it was represented that if the trustees were allowed to invest the savings of the freedmen in mortgage bonds and other general securities, they would be able to pay a higher rate of interest to these "wards of the nation." Philanthropy clamored for this extension of powers, and at that time there was hardly anything too preposterous to be asked or allowed in the name of "philanthropy" towards the emancipated blacks of the South. The charter was enlarged as requested.

What was foreseen and predicted at the time soon came to pass. The hard-earned savings of the "poor freedman" were squandered in the most profligate enterprises. In 1873 the affairs of the Bank were reported to be "unsatisfactory." In the following year it was pronounced hopelessly insolvent. The trustees had lent the money of the freedmen to irresponsible members of the Washington Ring, to contractors of "Seneca Stone Stock," and to sharpers enlisted in such like jobberies of the Federal capital. Of course nobody has been punished for this atrocious malversation of a sacred trust. The Attorney-General did not even think the matter worthy of investigation. A member of the Cabinet simply resigned his place around the council-board of General Grant, that, in helping to "wind up" the concern, he might make a little more money than his salary allowed to him as Postmaster-General. This is the way in which the dominant party at Washington has manifested its sympathy for the promoting of the freedman's financial interests.

How his political rights have been vindicated under the auspices of the Republican Party may be seen to-day in the significant fact that the African voter has come to the best enjoyment of his elective franchise in those Southern States which are under Democratic rule. In States like South Carolina, Mississippi and Louisiana, where the Republican Party has held the colored voters in its leading-strings, we have seen nothing but peculation, anarchy and strife. From States like Virginia, which have been longest under Conservative sway, not a single murmur of "wrong" and "outrage" has been heard. From States like Alabama and Arkansas these frantic cries have simply served to mark the fact that the demon of civil discord was impotently seeking to rend the body which he found himself compelled to leave. Now that he has been expelled, the spirit of peace has returned to these long-oppressed and afflicted communi-

ties. And yet under the pretense of protecting the colored citizen in his right of suffrage, what encroachments have not been dared by the Republican leaders on the limitations of the Constitution and on the acknowledged rights of the States!

And the same may be said of the negro's civil rights. In pretended affirmance and protection of this class of rights, a whole system of newfangled jurisprudence has been built up on the ruins of municipal government. And to such an extreme has this pretension been carried, that to-day Republican Judges of the United States Circuit Courts feel themselves constrained to advise their grand jurors that indictments found under the latest stretches of this legislation will be summarily dismissed on constitutional grounds. This legislation, unnecessary and impolitic, even if it were constitutional, seems to have been devised simply for purposes of judicial vexation and social annoyance. As such, it can only tend to embitter the relations which it professes to put under the shield of law, and has thus far served to accomplish little more than to give a fresh poignancy to the trite morality, inculcated by the poetry of Horace equally with the political philosophy of De Tocqueville, to the effect that there is no country in which everything can be provided for by the laws, or in which political institutions can prove a substitute for common sense and public morality.

In the presence of such chronic blundering with regard to the financial, political and civil interests of the very class of citizens to whose welfare the Republican Party professes to be specially devoted, it must seem to candid minds the extremity of political infatuation that "the negro question" should be cited by Republican apologists as one that can be managed most successfully by the self-styled "friends of the colored race." And it is a remarkable coincidence that not far from the time when one of the Republican organs—we refer to *Harpur's Weekly*—was recently expounding this hapless thesis to its readers, the Republican General Bartlett was pleading at Lexington for fraternity and conciliation between the late discordant and belligerent sections of the country, and that a few days afterwards even such a determined Republican politician as the Hon. William D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, should have sung his political psalm in the hearing of his countrymen, regretting, as he now does, the ill-advised vote he recently gave in favor of the President's Force Bill, and refusing, as he now does, to be any longer a party to the fraudulent representations by which the sensibilities of the North have been so long excited against the white people of the South.

**PRESIDENT GRANT AND THE THIRD TERM.**

IT was confidently expected that on the occasion of his recent visit to Massachusetts President Grant would in some way indicate his views on the third-term question. But no. At Concord and at Lexington he was, if possible, more than usually reticent. Was it that he was resolved to disappoint public expectation? Or was it that, controlled by his invincible dislike to public speaking, he could not make up his mind to say what he intended? Whatever the cause, the opportunity furnished by the centennial celebrations was lost; and the anxious public were left in ignorance, as before, as to the President's personal views regarding the third term.

At last, however, the silence has been broken; not, it is true, by President Grant, but by one of his alter egos—a man who is known largely to enjoy his confidence, a tool of the Ring, and a faithful servant of his master. At a banquet held a few days ago in San Francisco, the health of the President was drank; and Mr. Effigy Sargent was called upon to reply. Mr. Sargent, in the course of his reply, is reported to have used the following remarkable words: "I know from his own lips that he looks with anxiety for the speedy end of his service. In a recent conversation he said to me: 'I have had no rest during the past six years. I have two more years of this labor to endure, and I shall be glad when the end comes.'" These are the words of a trusted friend of President Grant. We have no reason to doubt the accuracy of the report. We have as little reason to doubt that Mr. Sargent spoke of that of which he had certain knowledge. The question is, whether Mr. Sargent, in so expressing himself, spoke with the consent and approval of his master. It is not, we think, unreasonable to infer that he did. Taking it for granted that we have here an accurate report of what was said at San Francisco, that Mr. Sargent correctly reported the words which he heard from the President's lips, that he was authorized or permitted by the President so to express himself, the next question is, whether these words are to be regarded as the true sentiments of President Grant, or whether they are feelers thrown out to test the public pulse.

It is a noteworthy circumstance that since the Presidential election in 1872 General Grant has been prominently before the country as a candidate for the third term. It was well known and freely talked of before he gave his second inaugural address, yet in that address, when a reference to the third term would have been opportune and becoming, the subject is not even alluded to. Since that

time the third-term question has been freely discussed; it has largely occupied public attention; it has been the occasion of not a little bitterness in political circles; yet General Grant, although frequently called upon to speak out, has maintained a stubborn silence. Nor is this all. It is no secret that his most trusted friends have been afraid to mention this subject in his presence; and some of them who have been more bold have been snubbed for their pains. It is undeniable that the men whom most he loves, whose society he courts, and in whom he places the greatest confidence, are all of them third-termers. North Carolina was not rebuked when, some time ago, she nominated General Grant for re-election; nor do we find that ambitious members of either House of Congress suffer severely for their open advocacy of General Grant for a third term. If, therefore, we are to form any opinion of the tastes and feelings of General Grant by considering the class of men in whose society he finds pleasure and whom he delights to honor, we are scarcely permitted to conclude that he is tired of office or that he longs for rest. It would rather seem as if the cares of office rested lightly upon him, and as if another term would be more agreeable than otherwise.

Still, it is not impossible that Mr. Effigy Sargent has told us the actual truth about the President. He may, in spite of many appearances to the contrary, be tired of office. After six years of care and anxiety, he may feel that rest would be welcome. It may be true, as Mr. Sargent says, that he will be glad when the end comes. For President Grant's own sake we trust that we have at last got at his true feelings in this matter. We are not satisfied that President Grant, if he permits himself to be nominated, and puts into exercise all the powerful machinery at his command, might not march in triumph again to the Capital. But he might not succeed; and in such a case defeat would not only obliterate the memory of his great services—it would consign him to disgrace and oblivion. Even if he did succeed, his popularity would be certain to suffer. With his own party, of course, he would continue to be a favorite. But with a large and powerful section of the people of the United States, the third term would be regarded as usurpation; and President Grant would be denounced as a tyrant who had betrayed public confidence, and maintained himself in power by trampling on the rights and liberties of the citizens. Undoubtedly his re-election to office would establish a bad precedent. It would be—and it would be so regarded the wide world over—an innovation on the time-honored custom of the country. It would be a departure from the sacred examples of Washington, of Jefferson, of Madison, and a violation of the principles of the founders of the Republic. General Grant might not abuse his power; but his re-election would set an example which, in other times, and by more ambitious, more daring, more unscrupulous men, might be followed, to the detriment, if not to the destruction, of public liberty. It was not so much against Caesar that Brutus raised his avenging arm as against the principles which Caesar represented. It becomes us all to be on our guard against the beginning of evil. It is impossible to foretell what evil will result from the nomination of President Grant for a third term. We have no desire to act the part of alarmists, and we will not; but we cannot close our eyes to the fact that the third term is full of peril. For the good of the Commonwealth, and for the sake of President Grant himself, we trust that he will not allow himself to be put up for renomination. Let him declare himself as opposed to the third term, and the nation will feel itself relieved. His name will be mentioned lovingly by every true American over the length and breadth of the continent; his great services done in the past will stand out in broader and fuller relief; his name will be mentioned with that of Washington, and they will call him the "Father of his Country." Grateful as we are for the revelation which Mr. Sargent has made, we cannot say we are satisfied. A fuller revelation is necessary. Let us hope that to General Grant wisdom will be given, and that, taking in the entire situation, looking to his own good and to the good of this nation, he will promptly decide and act in the interest of both.

**THE CURRENCY.**

THERE is no subject on which people are so easily humbugged as they are about the currency. There is no other question which calls so loudly for a constant reiteration of the most elementary facts and principles. The people of the United States are now using four kinds of paper money, viz.: (1) Gold certificates, which are issued by the Treasury for actual coin deposited with it for safe-keeping. These are precisely similar to Bank of England notes, but are never seen outside of the great cities, where they are used for the payment of duties on imports, and for all purposes, except shipment to foreign countries, for which gold coin would otherwise be employed. The amount of gold certificates outstanding on May 1st was \$22,403,300, and the Treasury always holds the coin to pay on demand every dollar of them. When the regular interest payments are made, the aggregate

of gold certificates is increased, and when gold is brought to New York from San Francisco or Montreal it is usually paid into the Treasury, and gold certificates taken in exchange. When gold coin is exported, it is drawn from the Treasury by the presentation of certificates for payment, and when custom duties are paid, the certificates are simply handed back to the Treasury. A gold certificate in New York thus accurately corresponds to a note of the Bank of England in London. (2) Fractional currency is the second kind of paper money, of which we need say nothing, except that it is receivable, when presented in sums not exceeding five dollars, for all dues to the United States. The total amount outstanding on May 1st was \$43,809,565.71. (3) Legal tender notes, the third sort, are receivable for taxes, but redeemable in nothing. The total outstanding is now \$378,051,760. (4) National bank notes, the fourth species, are receivable for taxes, and primarily payable in legal tender notes by the banks, but are also guaranteed by the United States. The total outstanding on May 1st was \$352,617,593. The national bank note, like the greenback, is receivable for taxes, and payable in nothing. It is a promise, in reality, issued by the United States, for the payment of which to the holder the United States makes itself directly responsible, taking as security from the banks for every ninety dollars issued to them bonds worth, at present quotations, from one hundred and fifteen to one hundred and twenty dollars, and also five dollars in legal tender notes, which is used to make up the redemption fund. This redemption fund is used to replace worn-out bank-notes with new ones, and also provides the banks with legal tender notes in exchange for bank-notes, the former being required by the banks for certain statistical and technical purposes. For all transactions between individuals, or between individuals and the Government, and for most of those between individuals and the banks, a national bank note is precisely the same thing as a greenback. Not one in a hundred of our readers will ever have occasion to make the slightest distinction between these two kinds of paper.

What is meant by specie payments is that every dollar and part of a dollar of the whole amount of these four kinds of paper shall be as good as the gold certificates, which is to say as good as gold itself. The total amount of them is now \$796,882,219, while the aggregate amount of gold and silver which would be available for this redemption, were the experiment made to-morrow, does not exceed ninety-five million dollars, being less than one dollar in metal for eight dollars in paper. It will also be seen that the Government, if payments in specie are ever to be resumed, makes itself responsible for paying in gold the whole eight hundred millions of this paper. It is true, the banks are in the first place responsible for their notes, but they will have no gold or silver to redeem them with, except what they draw from the United States Treasury by presenting gold certificates and greenbacks for payment in coin. The only obstacle to the resumption of payments in gold and silver is that there is too much paper and too little specie. Before we can have specie payments the specie must be increased and some of the paper withdrawn. The Government can withdraw its paper by receiving it for taxes and not paying it out again. The proportion of gold and silver which should be held against an issue of paper representatives of money, to make the latter at all times what they purport to be, viz., the shadow and substitute for coin, is about two dollars in specie to three dollars in paper. Less than that proportion is not safe. With less than that the money market is liable to serious disturbances, and there is constant danger of the banks being forced into suspension. To show why this is so would involve all the complex questions which underlie the science of money and the art of banking, but we can easily satisfy the reader that the rule we have laid down is observed by the most successful and most wealthy of European nations. England permits the issue of no paper money of a less denomination than twenty-five dollars, and the Bank of England almost never holds in specie less than eighty per cent. of its outstanding notes. The Bank of France, which issues all the paper money used in France, and which has not yet formally resumed payments of its notes in coin, held on April 22d three hundred and five million dollars in specie against a little less than five hundred millions of notes issued. The Imperial Bank of Germany at Berlin held on April 15th more than one hundred and fifty million dollars in specie against an issue of less than two hundred millions of notes.

It is said that within the last six months there has been a contraction of the paper money in the United States, whereat some of the friends of specie payments in the East are greatly elated, and some of the inflationists proportionately enraged, ascribing to it all the evils under which the people are now groaning. The facts are, by an exact computation, that from November 1st, 1874, to May 1st, 1875, there has been a net increase of \$690,347 in the national bank circulation, a decrease of \$3,948,240 in the total issue of greenbacks, and a net increase of \$3,009,297 in the amount of greenbacks temporarily locked up in the Treasury for the purpose of permanently retiring national bank notes. The result of these several insignificant



changes is a net decrease of \$6,267,190 in the circulating paper, but if we include in the calculation the currency balance held by the Secretary of the Treasury, the circulating paper has increased since November 1st, 1874. We will conclude by stating a fact of great importance, which is this: The only part of the paper circulation of this country which expands and contracts in obedience to the laws of trade, and to the principles which should rightfully govern the value of money, is the gold certificates. If our money were all gold certificates it would be the best money in the world.

#### CHANGES IN NEW YORK CITY.

WHEN it is remembered that New York is really only in its infancy, we can just get a glimpse of what the city is to be, say, twenty-five years hence. We have already noticed some of the changes now occurring in our midst, caused by the upward moving of down-town merchants and the constant immigration of influential persons from other States. It does not require a considerable stretch of imagination to discern how, for instance, Broadway will look when such changes shall have metamorphosed our great thoroughfare. Enjoying even now a reputation equal to that of the Paris Boulevards, the London Regent Street and the Berlin Unter den Linden, it cannot be many years before Broadway must, of necessity, outshine them all, so far as the brilliancy of our shops is concerned, especially from Canal to Twenty-third Street. The only difficulty is the very narrow space allowed for sidewalks. This will have to be taken in hand one of these days, when the city can afford to spare money for its ornamentation. And withal, there is even some comfort to be derived from narrow sidewalks, especially in a well-regulated community like this, knowing, as it does, how to walk better than any people on the face of the globe. Up to the right, and down to the left, seems to be the principle guiding the great crowds even on matinee afternoons. To say that property along such a street can ever depreciate permanently would be synonymous with saying that grass is growing in our abandoned thoroughfares.

Still there are localities where property has received a very severe blow, and that is on the east side of Union Square. About three years ago there was immense excitement in Union Square property, and while the west side has held its own, the east side has declined fully fifty per cent. It is singular how this dividing line sharply defines the value of property in New York city. Everything west of Broadway is eagerly sought after, while to-day on the east side there are perhaps a thousand houses for sale. Going lower down, the same theory holds good. Worth, Leonard, White, Franklin, and all such streets west of Broadway, command higher rents; those east of Broadway can find no tenants, and, as the agents say, "property there is dead."

The avenues, too, are settling down to certain peculiarities. The Eighth Avenue, for instance, is rapidly being given up to the furniture business, while quite a number of new banks are seeking that locality. The Sixth is surrendered to the millinery business, while the Fourth will always remain *in statu quo* of some sort as the great outlet for those seeking trains at the Grand Central Depot. There is, however, one locality on the east side which the New York of the future will know better than we do to-day, and that is the water-front on the East River. In anticipation of the successful completion of the work at Hell Gate, foreign and American steamship companies have during the past three years bought large tracts of land above Forty-second Street, and it will not be many years before grand warehouses along the upper part of the East River will attract the attention of Sound travelers. This will be the greatest metamorphosis New York will undergo, and with the Brooklyn Bridge completed, a probable tunnel to Jersey and a steam road from the lower to the upper part of the city, who will deny that New York, with its magnificent harbor, its vast warehouses and its palatial dwellings, its parks and its drives, may yet become the grandest city on the face of the globe?

#### GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK

ENDING MAY 8, 1875.

Monday.....115 @ 115 1/2 Thursday.....115 1/2 @ 115 3/4  
Tuesday.....115 1/2 @ 115 3/4 Friday.....115 1/2 @ 115 3/4  
Wednesday.....115 1/2 @ 115 3/4 Saturday.....115 1/2 @ 115 3/4

#### EDITORIAL TOPICS.

GENERAL GARIBOLDI, in reply to an invitation to attend the Centennial of American Independence, has sent an autograph letter, in which he says: "I will certainly make every possible effort to have my country participate in the magnificent celebration which is to be held in Philadelphia. I deeply regret that I shall not be able to come myself."

In Mexico, according to Major Ben Perley Poore, who arrived in Washington, May 5th, from the city of Mexico, bearing dispatches from U. S. Minister Foster, it is thought that the troubles on the border were produced by lawless men of both countries, and there is an earnest disposition on the part of the Mexican Government, in sympathy with our own, to suppress them.

THE CHINESE TAILORS IN SAN FRANCISCO are on a "strike." That they are in dead earnest is mani-

fest from the bills which they have posted throughout the Chinese quarter of the city, offering \$400 for the killing of any boss tailor who manifests a disinclination to pay the rate of remuneration demanded, and an additional \$300 for the killing of any tailor who consents to work for less than the rate so fixed.

ALLIGATOR LEATHER is now extensively manufactured in this country. The skins come chiefly from Florida and Louisiana, and the hunting and skinning of alligators for their hides must be added to the important new industries of the South. About twenty thousand skins are tanned every year. They are made into leather in various parts of the United States, and many are exported to England and France. The French, however, owing to their superior method of tanning, are formidable competitors for American manufacturers.

THE LEXINGTON SPEECH of General Bartlett continues to win approval on all sides. The latest expression of "good will" which it has occasioned is a long letter to General Bartlett from the ex-Confederate General, Fitz-Hugh Lee. General Lee says: "Just such soldierly sentiments, generously felt and expressed, will do more in a brief space of time toward restoring good feeling, fraternity and fellowship between the two sections of a common country than all the reconstruction eloquence of political partisans delivered during these past ten years."

CATHOLICISM IN NEW ENGLAND.—An important and significant date in the history of Catholicism in New England was marked on May 2d, by the consecration of Archbishop Williams in the spacious new Cathedral at Boston, and his investiture with the *pallium*, "the symbol and mantle of the Good Shepherd," by Cardinal-Archbishop McCloskey. The Papal Commissioners were present on the occasion, together with Archbishop Bayley of Baltimore, Archbishop Lynch of Toronto, the Bishops of Charleston, Buffalo, Ogdensburg, Albany, Brooklyn, Louisville, Springfield, and the Bishop-elect of Portland.

THE MECKLENBURG DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, May, 1776, is thus emphatically characterized by C. Edwards Lester, in his spirited and comprehensive work, just published, "Our First Hundred Years": "It was the first formal deliberate declaration that the Americans were absolved from allegiance to the British Crown." At the same time Mr. Lester says, in allusion to a claim to still higher merit for the Charlotte Resolutions, the Centennial of which is set down for the 20th of May: "We never can grow too familiar with the State papers drawn up by the Fathers of the Republic, nor with the resolutions adopted at popular meetings and deliberative conventions. They all breathe the same spirit; and to claim any great superiority for the patriots of one section over those of another is to make a distinction where none exists. There was glory enough for them all. I would as soon think of claiming precedence for one section of the sky at the daybreak because it radiated more light from the advancing sun."

PRESIDENT GRANT is himself opposed to a third term, if we can trust Senator Sargent, of California, as his authorized mouthpiece. The President was silent upon the question at Lexington, we are to infer, because he had modestly commissioned Senator Sargent to announce in a dinner-table speech, way off in "Frisco," that "he was weary of public cares." The Senator, "believing that what he said was intended to be used by me at my discretion in this State" (i.e., California), quoted his words at the banquet given by General Crook. These words were substantially: "I had no rest during the war—none under the succeeding administration—only labor and anxiety. I have had no rest during the past six years. I have two years more of labor, and I shall be glad when the end comes." If the President is, indeed, a convert to the anti-third-term party, why need he be jealous of the Vice-President's alleged Presidential aspirations? And why need the Vice-President "swing round the circle" any more on his Southern tour?

SPELLING MATCHES are already going out of fashion, and, in their place, Quoting Jests are recommended by the *World*, which says: "If there is one thing wherein more than in another the better than average man is guilty of shortcoming, it is in the matter of quotations. Daniel Webster, it will be remembered, came to eminent public grief over that rose which Juliet declared by any other name would smell as sweet, and 'Ike' Cook's vigorous rendition of the lines concerning the inevitable resurrection of Truth 'squashed to earth' is a matter of history. Not alone does the ordinary talker or writer mangle beyond recognition the phrases wherewith he adorns his speaking or writing, but he is usually in the most lamentable and ludicrous uncertainty as to the particular well of English undefined whence he has filled his pail. How many hours of time that might otherwise have been utilized in the sawing of wood or digging of clams have been expended in seeking the origin of the phrase which declares consistency to be a jewel, it would be alike unprofitable and discouraging to inquire; how often the Bible has been ransacked for a divine assurance that the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb—a sentiment equally untrue and absurd—those best know who had discussions upon the subject. For all these reasons, it seems to us that if the public mind must make an ass of itself in any direction whatever, it can with a greater measure of propriety protrude its ears in the direction of 'Familiar Quotations' than of 'Webster's Unabridged.'"

THE THIRD INAUGURATION of Governor Ingersoll of Connecticut took place, and the State Legislature met, at Hartford, on the 5th of May. The inauguration parade was not so large as usual, fewer troops having been called out. Ex-Governors Jewell and Hawley, and Congressmen Barnum, Phelps and Landers participated in the ceremonies. In the afternoon, Governor Ingersoll read his message to the Legislature. The message was mainly a business document, dealing with the affairs of the State, its charitable, financial and other institu-

tions. The Governor recommended a revision of the State Constitution, indorsed the Centennial celebration, and suggested such action as will promote its interest and show the development of the country. He thought the Bureau of Labor Statistics need not be continued from year to year unless it can be made to work with a general bureau of statistical information and a census bureau. He recommended legislative action which shall lead to a final legal settlement of the disputed boundary question between Connecticut and New York, especially as relates to jurisdiction in the waters and islands of Long Island Sound. He hoped for beneficial results from the financial legislation of the last Congress looking toward specie payments; condemned the Federal interference in Louisiana affairs; declared that the lapse of time has dispelled the dangerous illusion that the business of the country needs the stimulant of more discredited currency; and pointed to patient industry as the true source of business and national prosperity.

A NEW MODE OF VENTILATION.—The London *Times* recently gave a valuable account of a mode of ventilation adopted by Mr. Tobin, a retired merchant of Leeds, and which rests on the principle that a narrow stream of air can be sent up through lighter air, like the jet of a fountain through the ordinary atmosphere, by atmospheric pressure from outside, and that when it reaches the ceiling it will be reflected off in all directions, just as the water falls back in a number of infinitesimal rills, and so melt away very gradually into the less pure air of the room, before reaching the persons who need it. The *modus operandi* is to introduce vertical tubes, communicating with the outer air, in parts of a large room or public building where people are not likely to sit or stand, tubes rising, say, four or five feet, above the floor. Directly the air in the room begins to be rarified, the pressure of the air outside sends streams of air up these tubes, which continue to rise in narrow streams, just like jets of water, and without dispersing till they reach the ceiling, where they are reflected back in spray, as it were, of pure air, spray which mixes very gradually indeed, and so as to avoid all draft, with the rarified air of the room, and gradually expels all the bad air by way of the chimney. The system seems to have worked almost miraculously in the Leeds Borough Police Court, and also in the Liverpool Police Court, whose stipendiary magistrate, Mr. Raffles, has borne the most grateful testimony to the results of the experiment, and Mr. Tobin is now engaged in introducing it into London. What a pity that it had not been invented in time for the Tichborne trial! Dr. Kenealy, for instance, might have taken a saner view of his client and his case. How advantageous it would prove if introduced into the Brooklyn Court-room, where the interminable Tilton-Beecher trial is dragging its slow length along.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.—The framework of a roof now surmounts the massive white walls of St. Patrick's. This immense structure occupies the entire block between Fifth and Madison Avenues, and Fifty-first and Fifty-second Streets. Projected by Archbishop Hughes, and continued by his successor, the present Cardinal-Archbishop, it bids fair to be the most imposing church edifice in America. The corner-stone was laid in 1858, and the work went on encouragingly until interrupted by the war. After a suspension of four years, it was vigorously resumed. The spectator can now form an idea of the prospective grandeur and beauty of the majestic Gothic pile which, when complete, will crown the height at Fifty-first Street, and, with its tapering spires, white as the pinacles of Arctic icebergs, will command the eyes and admiration of all who approach New York city either by land or by sea. The date of the completion of this splendid ecclesiastical monument will depend upon the contributions of the faithful. In our days, with all the appliances of modern art and science, the building of St. Peter's will not require, like the building of St. Peter's, three centuries and a half, nor is it at all likely that the Cathedral of New York, like the Cathedral of Cologne, will still remain unfinished after the lapse of more than six centuries. Indeed, if the amount of the estimated cost—five million dollars—were promptly paid, the Cathedral on Fifth Avenue, according to the assurances of the architect, might very soon be completed. We may, therefore, confidently appeal to our resident Catholic population—and particularly to the Irish element, which forms so large and important a part of it—to increase their liberal contributions to this pious purpose. Fortunately, the treasury of Pius IX. is overflowing with Peter's Pence, and the Fenian treasury—that sieve into which sums of money were once so lavishly poured, while nobody could tell what became of them—no longer persists in its claims upon the purse of our Irish Catholic fellow-citizens. Here, however, in the building-fund of St. Patrick's the latter will find an unquestionably legitimate channel for their liberalities. In the steady growth of this "white wonder," the Cathedral, they can daily witness tangible evidence that their contributions are employed in erecting a solid, durable memorial of their patron saint, and a magnificent temple in which they and their descendants for generations may worship God.

THE WRECK OF THE STEAMSHIP SCHILLER, of the Eagle Line, on the Retarriere Ledges, near Bishop's Rock Scilly Islands, off the southwest coast of Cornwall, is the most awful ocean disaster that has been recorded since the loss of the steamship *Atlantic* off the coast of Newfoundland. The *Schiller* left New York for Hamburg, April 28th, intending to stop at Plymouth and Cherbourg, but at 10 p. m. on the fatal night of May 7th, it was totally wrecked off the rock-bound English coast, and of the three hundred and seventy persons on board the ship, less than fifty are known to have been saved. The daily newspapers have already made our readers acquainted with the details of this appalling catastrophe, which brought grief and desolation to so many homes on both sides of the Atlantic. Most of the passengers and crew of the ill-fated *Schiller* were Ger-

mans, either by birth or by descent. "The responsibility of the awful shipwreck," says the *Herald*, "seems to rest with the officers of the ship. There was no storm, which might have placed the steamer at the mercy of the waves; there was simply a fog and the darkness of night. Conceding that none of the lights had been seen, the fog-bell at Bishop's Rock should have been heard. The mystery of the wreck resembles that of the *Ville du Havre*, which went down in almost the middle of the Atlantic by reason of an unexplained collision. But even if the lights could not be seen, even if the fog-bell of Bishop's Rock could not be heard, there was still one more chance for the unlucky *Schiller*. The British law accepts no excuse from captains whose vessels are wrecked upon this coast because of tides or winds. It holds that by constant and careful soundings with the lead the experienced navigator cannot fail to tell the dangerous proximity of his vessel to the coast, and condemns the captain who fails to use this precaution. We cannot yet tell whether the captain of the *Schiller* did all that was possible to avert this calamity. He is its victim, and it is but just to judge him charitably till the whole truth is known. It cannot be that an event so terrible and apparently so unnecessary shall be overlooked as a mere accident of nature. Neither storm nor fire nor collision with other vessels caused the destruction of the unfortunate *Schiller*. She was lost upon a coast well known to experienced sailors; upon no new rock, but upon ancient reefs of immemorial danger, and responsibility. Ocean travel can never be safe if such accidents, as they are wrongly called, are tolerated. We trust that the investigation will be swift and thorough, and that the guilty persons will be fully punished if they have not already met the penalty of their own neglect. The sea is merciless to the guilty and the innocent alike, and therein is the more reason why man should be just."

THE ABSOLUTE REMOVAL BILL was one of the heroic remedies by which Governor Tilden proposed to cure, speedily and radically, the evils so thoroughly exposed in his memorable message against the Canal Ring. He intended to supply by it the inadequacy of existing laws to thwart the plans of the canal thieves, and to punish summarily those officials who aid and abet them. The Governor's message, with its astounding disclosures of fraud and corruption on the part of the Canal Ring, was a blow as heavy as it was sudden and unexpected. Rallying from it, however, as soon as possible, the Ring has struggled so desperately, and proved itself to be so rich and strong, as to win at least a partial and temporary victory. Its corrupting influences, together with the operation of partisan prejudices and jealousies—and, it is but fair to add, the conscientious opposition of certain Assemblymen to trusting any Governor with such extraordinary powers as, in this exceptional case, were deemed requisite by Governor Tilden—all these causes have resulted in the defeat of the Absolute Removal Bill. The Assembly killed it, May 7th, by a vote of the whole Republican side of the House and of the Canal Ring Democrats. It was defeated by a vote of 67 nays to 37 yeas. The only alternative left to the Governor's supporters was to accept the Senate Bill, which received an almost unanimous vote, Mr. Davis alone voting in the negative. Nevertheless, this Senate Bill possesses the essential features of the Bill for which it was substituted, differing chiefly in this particular, that instead of summarily removing a maleficient official, it suspends him for trial. If it does not make such quick work with the detected culprit, it gives the hand of Justice a clutch upon him, and his punishment, although delayed, is inevitable. The Senate Bill, if less prompt, cannot be less sure in action than the Absolute Removal Bill. The defeat of the latter Bill, therefore, is by no means to be regarded as a final defeat of Governor Tilden. The Governor can still feel—so far as he is personally concerned—"satisfied with the course of events in connection with his war on the Canal Ring," as he said he felt, two days before the passage of the Senate Bill, in a conversation with an Albany correspondent of the *New York Sun*. "He feels," wrote this correspondent, "that he has discharged his duty, and if the Legislature can afford to put any obstruction in the way of his carrying out the programme he has marked out, he is willing to let the people pass upon their action and his at the proper time. There seemed to be a sly twinkle in the Governor's eye as he said that if his opponents had been shrewd they would have given him everything that he asked, and the people having got their ideas greatly inflated upon the subject, would have expected a great deal more from him than could probably be accomplished, and the reaction might have militated against him for a time. If the Legislature refuses to give him what he asks for, the people will, he thinks, say that the politicians have tied his hands, and any failure to correct existing abuses will be charged to them and not to him. Thus it will be seen that the Governor's opponents, if his reasoning is correct, are, in their efforts to squelch him, doing just what he believes will result in making him still stronger and more popular with the people." It is clear that the members and dependents of the Canal Ring have but little reason to exult over their boasted victory.

#### OBITUARY RECORD.

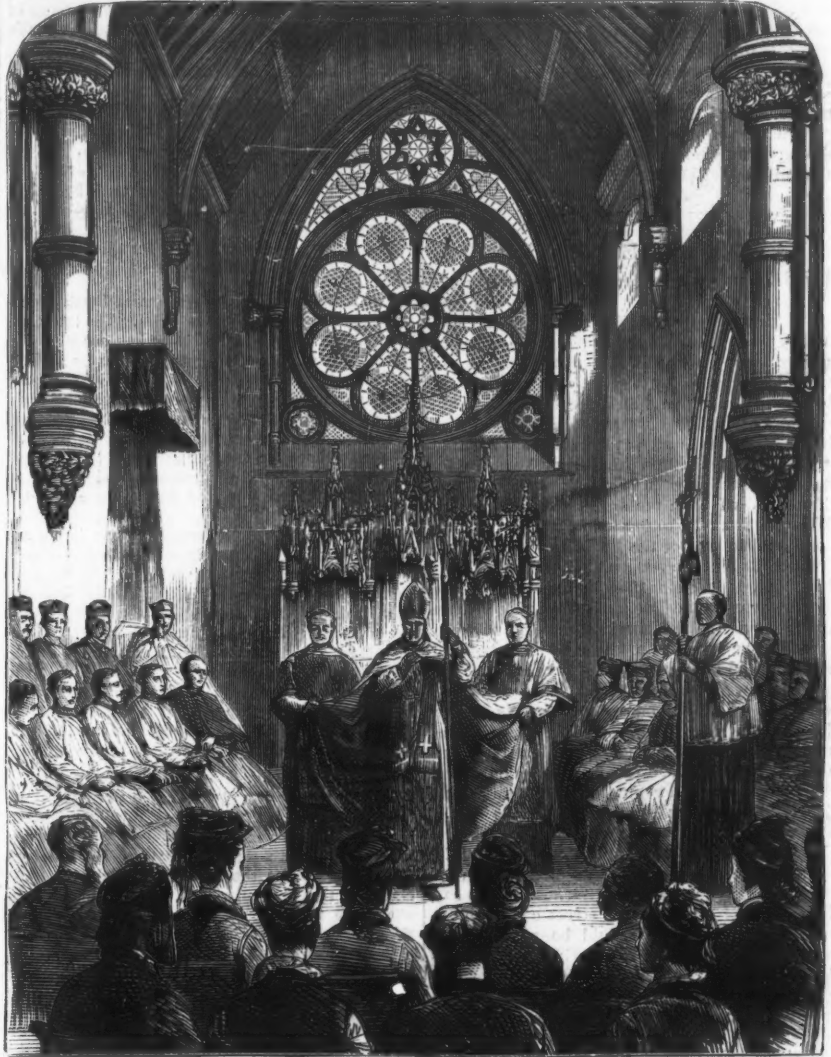
MAY 5th.—At Salem, Mass., Rev. Rufus Babcock, D.D., ex-President of Waterville College, and a Baptist clergyman of over fifty years standing, aged 76.  
.. Georg. Heinrich Aug. Van Ewald, the great Orientalist. He held several professorships at Göttingen and Tübingen, Hanover, and was the author of many notable books. In 1869 he was tried for high treason, but was acquitted, and shortly after elected to the North German Parliament. He was 71 years of age.  
.. At Paris, Michael Levy, well-known as a publisher of theatrical works, aged 53.  
.. At Paris, Napoleon Lespes, who for many years wrote the daily article in the *Petit Journal* and the *Petit Moniteur*, under the name of "Timothée Trim." On the last paper he received \$20,000 per year.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 171.



ENGLAND.—STATE VISIT OF THE JUDGES TO ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.



ENGLAND.—THE NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL AT CANTERBURY, DEDICATED TO ST. THOMAS A BECKET. CARDINAL MANNING EULOGIZING THE ENGLISH SAINT AND MARTYR.



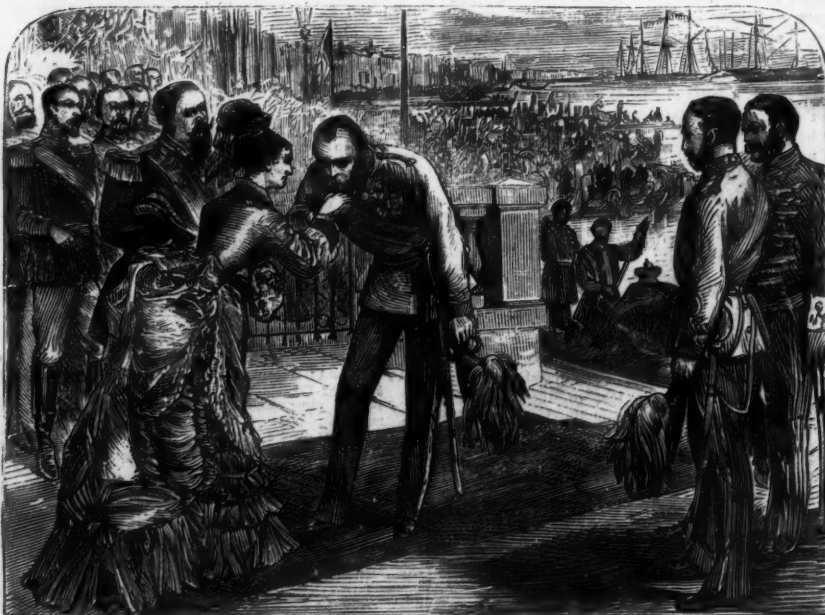
GEORGE MACDONALD, PREACHER, LECTURER AND NOVELIST.



ROBERT BROWNING, POET.



GEORGE ALEXANDER MACFARREN, PROFESSOR OF MUSIC AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.



ITALY.—THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA'S VISIT TO VENICE.—THE EMPEROR TAKING LEAVE OF THE PRINCESS OF PIEMONTE.



ENGLAND.—MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY, THE AMERICAN REVIVALISTS, AT AGRICULTURAL HALL. THE CHILDREN'S SERVICE.





SOUTHERN UTAH.—BAPTISM OF QUI-TUSS, CHIEF OF THE SHEBIT TRIBE OF INDIANS, TOGETHER WITH ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY OF THE SAME TRIBE, AT ST. GEORGE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. R. SAVAGE. SEE PAGE 171.



NEW YORK.—BURNING OF PORTAGE BRIDGE, THE LARGEST WOODEN VIADUCT IN THE WORLD, SPANNING THE GENESSEE RIVER AND FALLS, ON THE BUFFALO AND HORNELESVILLE BRANCH OF THE ERIE RAILWAY, MAY 5TH.—SEE PAGE 171.



## THE GLORIOUS GIRLS OF NEW YORK.

GEORGE A. BAKER, JR.

WE know their expenses are awful,  
That horror unspeakable fills  
The seats of unfortunate fathers  
Who foot up the dressmakers' bills,  
That they'd barter their souls for French candy,  
That diamonds ruin their peace;  
That they rave over middle-aged actors,  
And in other respects are—well, geese.

We laugh at them, boys, but we love them,  
For under their nonsense we know  
They've hearts that are honest and loving,  
And souls that are whiter than snow.  
So out with the bottle of Roderer!  
Large glasses, boys! Up goes the cork!  
All charged? To the bells of creation,  
The glorious girls of New York!

## FIRST PRAYER AT HANNEY'S.

HANNEY'S DIGGINGS certainly needed a missionary, if any place ever did, but, as one of the boys once remarked during a great lack of water, "it had to keep on a needin'." Zealous men came up by steamer via the isthmus, and seemed to consume with their fiery haste to get on board the vessel for China and Japan and carry the glad tidings to the heathen. Self-sacrificing souls gave up home and friends, and hurried across, overland, to brave the Pacific and bury themselves among the Australasian savages. But, though they all passed almost in sight of Hanney's, none of them paused to give any attention to the souls who had flocked there. Men came out from Frisco and the East to labor with the Chinese miners, who were the only peaceable and well-behaved people in the mines; but the white-faced, good-natured, hard-sweating, generous, heavy-drinking, enthusiastic, murderous Anglo-Saxons they let severely alone. Perhaps they thought that hearts in which the good seed had once been sown, but failed to come up into fruit, were barren soil; perhaps they thought it preferable to be killed and eaten by cannibals than to be tumbled into a gulch by a revolver-shot, while the shootist strolled calmly off in company with his approving conscience, never thinking to ascertain whether his bullet had completed the business, or whether a wounded man might not have to fight death and coyotes together.

At any rate, the missionaries let Hanney's alone. If any one with an unquenchable desire to carry the Word where it is utterly unknown, a digestion without fear, and a full-proof article of common sense (these last two requisites are absolute), should be looking for an eligible location, Hanney's is just the place for him, and he need give himself no trouble for fear some one will step in before him. If he has several dozens of similarly constituted friends, they can all find similar locations by betaking themselves to any mining camp in the West.

As Hanney's had no preacher, it will be readily imagined it had no church. With the first crowd who located there came an insolvent rumseller from the East. He called himself Pentecost, which was as near his right name as is used with miners, and the boys dubbed his shop "Pentecost Chapel" at once. The name, somehow, reached the East, for within a few months there reached the post-office at Hanney's a document addressed to "Preacher in charge of Pentecost Chapel." The postmaster went up and down the brook in high spirits, and told the boys, who instantly dropped shovel and pan, formed line, and escorted the postmaster and document to the Chapel. Pentecost acknowledged the joke, and stood treat for the crowd, after which he solemnly tore the wrapper, and disclosed a report of a certain missionary society. Modestly expressing his gratification at the honor, and his unworthiness of it, he moved that old Thompson, who had the loudest voice in the crowd, should read the report aloud, he, Pentecost, volunteering to furnish Thompson all necessary spiritual aid during the continuance of his task. Thompson promptly signified his acquiescence, cleared his throat with a glass of amber-colored liquid, and commenced, the boys meanwhile listening attentively, and commenting critically.

"Too much cussed heavenly twang," observed one, disapprovingly, as one letter largely composed of scriptural extracts was read.

"Why the deuce didn't he shoot?" indignantly demanded another, as a tale of escape from heathen pursuers was read.

"Shut up wimmen in a durned dark room! Well, I'll be durned!" soiloquized a yellow-haired Missourian, as Thompson read an account of a Zenana.

"Reckon they'd set an infernal sight higher by wimmen ef they wuz in the diggins six months—hey, fellows?"

"You bet!" emphatically responded a majority of those present.

Before the boys became very restive, Thompson finished the pamphlet, including a few lines on the cover, which stated that the Society was greatly in need of funds, and that contributions might be sent to the Society's financial agent in Boston. Thompson gracefully concluded his service by passing the hat, with the following net result: Two revolvers, one double-barreled pistol, three knives, one watch, two rings (both home-made, valuable, and fearfully ugly), a pocket inkstand, a silver tobacco-box and forty or fifty ounces of dust and nuggets. Boston Bill, who was notoriously absent-minded, dropped in a pocket-comb, but, on being sternly called to order by old Thompson, cursed himself most fluently, and redeemed his disgraceful contribution with a gold double-eagle. "The Webfoot," who was the most unlucky man in camp, had been so wrought upon by the tale of one missionary who had lost his all many times in succession, sympathetically contributed his only shovel, for which act he was enthusiastically cursed and liberally treated at the bar, while the shovel was promptly sold at auction to the highest bidder, who presented it, with a staggering slap between the shoulders, to its original owner. The remaining non-legal tenders were then converted into gold-dust, and the whole dispatched by express, with a grim note from Pentecost, to the Society's treasurer at Boston. As the Society was controlled by a denomination which does not understand how good can come out of evil, no detail of this contribution ever appeared in print. But a few months thereafter there did appear at Hanney's a thin-chested, large-headed youth, with a heavily-loaded mule, and announced himself as duly accredited by the aforementioned Society to preach the gospel among the miners. The boys received him cordially, and Pentecost offered him the nightly hospitality of curling up to sleep in front of the barroom fireplace. His mule's load proved to consist largely of tracts, which he vigorously distributed, and which the boys used to wrap up dust in. He nearly starved while trying to learn to cook his own food, so some of the boys took him in and fed him. He tried to persuade the boys to stop drinking, and they good-naturedly laughed, but when he attempted to

break up the "little game" which was the only amusement of the camp—the only steady amusement, for fights were short and irregular—the camp rose in its wrath, and the young man hastily rose and went for his mule.

But at the time of which this story treats a missionary would have fared even worse, for the boys were wholly absorbed by a very unrighteous, but still very darling, pleasure. A pair of veteran knife-fists, who had fought each other at sight for almost ten years every time they met, had again found themselves in the same settlement, and Hanney's had the honor to be that particular settlement.

"Judge" Briggs, one of the heroes, had many years before discussed with his neighbor, Billy Bent, the merits of two opposing brands of mining shovels. In the course of the chat they drank considerable villainous whisky, and naturally resorted to knives as final arguments. The matter might have ended here, had either gained a decided advantage over the other, but both were skillful—each inflicted and received so near the same number of wounds, that the wisest men in camp were unable to decide which whipped. Now, to average Californians in the mines this is a most distressing state of affairs; the spectators and friends of the combatants waste a great deal of time, liquor and blood on the subject, while the combatants themselves feel unspeakably uneasy on the neutral ground between victory and defeat. At Sonora, where Billy and the Judge had their first encounter, there was no verdict, so the Judge indignantly shook the dust from his feet and went elsewhere. Soon Billy happened in at the same place, and a set-to occurred at sight, in which the average was not disarranged. Both men went about for a month or two in a patched-up condition, and then Billy roamed off, to be soon met by the Judge, with the usual result. Both men were known by reputation all through the gold regions, and the advent of either at any "gulch," or "washin'," was the best advertisement the saloon-keepers could desire. In the East, hundreds of men would have tried to reason the men out of this feud, and some few would have forcibly separated them while fighting, but in the diggings any interference in such matters is considered impertinent, and deserving of punishment.

Hanney's had been fairly excited for a week, for the Judge had arrived the week before, and his points had been carefully scrutinized and weighed, time and again, by every man in the camp. There seemed nothing unusual about him—he was of middle size, had long hair and beard, a not unpleasant expression, and very dirty clothes; he never jumped a claim, always took his whisky straight, played as fair a game of poker as the average of the boys, and never stole a mule from any one whiter than a Mexican. The boys had just about ascertained all this, and made their "blind" bets on the result of the next fight, when the whole camp was convulsed with the intelligence that Billy Bent had also arrived. Work immediately ceased, except in the immediate vicinity of the champions, and the boys stuck close to the Chapel, that being the spot where the encounter should naturally take place. Miners thronged in from fifty miles around, and nothing but a special mule express saved the camp from the horror of Pentecost's bar being inadequate to the demand. Between "straight bets" and "hedging" most of the gold-dust in camp had been "put up," for a bet is the only California backing of an opinion. As the men did not seem to seek each other, the boys had ample time to "grind things down to a pint," as the camp concisely expressed it, and the matter had given excuse for a dozen minor fights, when order was suddenly restored one afternoon by the entrance of Billy and his neighbors, just as the Judge and his neighbors were finishing a drink.

The boys immediately and silently formed a ring, on the outer edge of which were massed all the men who had been outside, and who came pouring in like flies before a shower. No one squatted or hugged the wall, for it was understood that these two men fought only with knives, so the spectators were in a state of abject safety.

The Judge, after settling for the drinks, turned, and saw for the first time his enemy.

"Hello, Billy!" said he, pleasantly; "let's take a drink first."

Billy, who was a red-haired man, with a snapping-turtle mouth, but not a vicious-looking man for all that, briefly replied, "All right," and these two determined enemies clinked their glasses with the unconcern of mere social drinkers.

But, after this, they proceeded promptly to business: the Judge, who was rather slow on his guard, was the owner of a badly-cut arm within three minutes by the barkeeper's watch, but not until he had given Billy, who was parrying a thrust, an ugly gash in his left temple. There was a busy hum during the adjustment of bets on "first blood," and the combatants very considerably refrained from doing serious injury during this temporary distraction, but within five minutes more they had exchanged chest wounds, both too slight to be dangerous.

Betting became furious—each man fought so splendidly, that the boys were wild with delight and enthusiasm. Bets were roared back and forth, and when Pentecost, by virtue of his universally conceded authority, commanded silence, there was a great deal of finger-finger-telemetry across the circle, and head-shaking in return.

Such exquisite carving had never before been seen at Hanney's—that was freely admitted by all. Men pitied absent miners all over the State, and wondered why this delightful lingering, long-drawn-out system of slaughter was not more popular than the brief and commonplace method of the revolver. The Webfoot rapturously and softly quoted the good Doctor Watts's—

"My willing soul would stay  
In such a place as this,  
And—"

when suddenly his cup of bliss was dashed to the ground, for Billy, stumbling, fell upon his own knife, and received a severe cut in the abdomen.

Wounds of this sort are generally fatal, and the boys had experience enough in such matters to know it. In an instant the men who had been calmly viewing a life-and-death conflict bestirred themselves to help the sufferer. Pentecost passed a bottle of brandy over the counter; half a dozen men ran to the spring for cold water; others hastily tore off coats, and even shirts, with which to soften a bench for the wounded man. No one went for the doctor, for that worthy had been viewing the fight professionally from the first, and had knelt beside the wounded man at exactly the right moment. After a brief examination, he gave his opinion in the following professional style: "No go, Billy; you're done for."

"Good God!" exclaimed the Judge, who had watched the doctor with breathless interest; "ain't ther' no chance?"

"Nary," replied the doctor, decidedly. "I'm a ruined man—I'm a used-up cuss," said the Judge, with a look of bitter anguish. "I wish I'd gone under, too."

"Easy, old hoss," suggested one of the boys; "you didn't do him, yer know?"

"That's what's the matter!" roared the Judge,

savagely; "nobody 'll ever know which of us whipped."

And the Judge sorrowfully took himself off, declining most resolutely to drink.

Many hearts were full of sympathy for the Judge; but the poor fellow on the bench seemed to need most just then. He had asked for some one who could write, and was dictating, in whispers, a letter to some person. Then he drank some brandy, and then some water; then he freely acquitted the Judge of having ever fought any way but fairly. But still his mind seemed burdened. Finally, in a very thin, weak voice, he stammered out: "I don't want to make—to make it uncomfortable—for any of you fellers, but—is ther' a—a preacher in the camp?"

The boys looked at each other inquiringly; men from every calling used to go to the mines, and no one would have been surprised if a backsliding priest, or even bishop, had stepped to the front. But none appeared, and the wounded man, after looking despairingly from one to another, gave a smothered cry.

"Oh, God, hex a miserable wretch got to cut hisself open, an' then flicker out, without anybody to say a prayer for him?"

The boys looked sorrowful—if gold-dust could have bought prayers, Billy would have had a first-class assortment in an instant.

"There's Deacon Adams over to Patten's," suggested a bystander, "an' they do say he's a reg'lar rip-roarer at prayin'! But 'twould take four hours to go an' fetch him."

"Too long," said the doctor.

"Down in Mexico, at the Cathedral," said another, "they pray for a feller after he's dead, when yer pay 'em far it, an' they say it's just the thing—sure pop. 'I'll give yer my word, Billy, an' no go back, that I'll see the job's done up in style far yer, ef that's any comfort."

"I want to hear it myself," groaned the sufferer; "I don't feel right; can't nobody pray—nobody in the crowd?"

Again the boys looked inquiringly at each other, but this time it was a little shyly. If he had asked for some one to go out and steal a mule, or kill a bear, or gallop a buck-jumping mustang to Frisco, they would have fought for the chance, but praying—praying was entirely out of their line.

The silence became painful: soon slouched hats were hauled down over moist eyes, and shirt-sleeves and bare arms seemed to find something unusual to attend to in the boys' faces. Big Brooks commenced to blubber aloud, and was led out by old Thompson, who wanted a chance to get out-of-doors so he might break down in private. Finally matters were brought to a crisis by "Mose"—no one knew his other name. Mose uncovered a sandy head, face, and beard, and remarked:

"I don't want to put on airs in this here crowd, but ef nobody else ken say a word to the Lord about Billy Bent, I'm a-goin' to do it myself. It's a bizness I've never bin in, but ther's nothin' like tryin'." This meetin' 'll cum to order to wunst."

"Hats off in church, gentlemen!" commanded Pentecost.

Off came every hat, and some of the boys knelt down, as Mose knelt beside the bench, and said:

"O Lord, here's Billy Bent needs 'tendin' to! He's panned out his last dust, an' he seems to hev a purty clear idee that this is his last chance. He wants you to give him a lift, Lord, an' it's the opinion of this house that he needs it. 'Tain't none uv our bizness what he's done, an' ef it wuz, you'd know more about it than we cud tell yer, but it's mighty sartin that a cuss that's been in the diggins fur years needs a sight of mendin' up before he kicks the bucket."

"That's so," responded two or three very emphatically.

"Billy's down, Lord, an' no decent man b'leaves that the Lord 'ud hit a man when he's down, so there's one uv two things got to be done—either he's got to be let alone, or he's got to be helped. Lettin' him alone won't do him ur anybody else enny good, so helpin' is the holt, an' as enny one uv us tough fellers would help him ef we knew how to, it's only fair to s'pose that the Lord 'll do it a mighty sight quicker. Now, what Billy needs is to see the thing in thet light, an' you ken make him do it a good deal better than we ken. It's mighty little fur the Lord to do, but it's meat an' drink an' clothes to Billy just now. When we wuz boys sum uv us read some promises ef you'n in thet book that was writ a good spell ago by chaps in the old country, an' though Sunday-school teachers and preachers mixed the matter up in our minds, an' got us all tangle-footed, we know they're thar, an' you'll know what we mean. Now, Lord, Billy's jest the boy—he's a hard case, so you can't find no better stuff to work on—he's in a bad fix, thet we can't do nuthin' fur, so it's jest yer chance. He ain't exactly the chap to make an A Number One angel of, but he ain't the man to forget a friend, so he'll be a handy feller to hev aroun'."

"Feel any better, Billy?" said Mose, stopping the prayer for a moment.

"A little," said Billy, feebly, "but you want to tell the whole yarn. I'm sorry for all the wrong I've done."

"He's sorry for all his devilry, Lord—"

"An' I ain't got nothin' agin the Judge," continued the sufferer.

"An' he don't bear no malice agin the Judge, which he shouldn't, seein' he generally gin as good as he took. An' the long an' short of it, Lord, is jest this—he's a-dyin', an' he wants a chance to die with his mind easy, an' nobody else can make it so, so we leave the whole job in your hands, only puttin' in, fur Billy's comfort, that we recollect hearing how yer forgive a dyin' thief, an' thet it ain't likely yer a-goin' to be harder on a chap thet's always paid fur what he got. Thet's the whole story. Amen."

Billy's hand, rapidly growing cold, reached for that of Mose, and he said, with considerable effort: "Mose, yer came in ex handy as a nugget in a gone-up claim. God bless yer, Mose. I feel better inside. Ef I git through the clouds, an' hev a livin' chance to say a word to them as is the chiefs thar, thet word 'll be fur you, Mose. God bless yer, Mose, an' ef my blessin's no account, it can't cuss yer, ennyhow. This claim's washed out, fellers, an' here goes the last shoveful, to see ef ther's enny gold in it er not."

And Billy departed this life, and the boys drank to the repose of his soul.

## TWO FAMOUS WEDDINGS.

## THE FIRST WEDDING IN ST. LOUIS.

IT was a soft Spring morning in April, and the fresh grass was beginning to peep out from the dead blades of the past year. The buds on the trees were swelling out and fast becoming leaves. The birds had already arrived from more southern regions, and were bustling from tree to tree piping to each other their plans of domestic bird-life. The great river, swollen with the Spring rains and the snows from the northern hills, rushed

on towards its home in the distant Gulf, making the batteaux and canoes of its voyagers dance gayly in their course; and even the gray waters themselves seemed to sparkle with a new emotion that balmy April morning.

A projecting bank of white limestone fose up from the river's edge and extended far along the shore. Further back rose the forest. On the top of this bank, and above the floods of the river, a dozen cabins sent their wreaths of blue smoke upward into the air. Fresh and new these cabins were, with a background of great trees, gray yet, and nearly leafless from the Winter.

Only two years before, the first tree had been felled to build the cabins of the infant city. But the first step had been taken. Strong hands had raised the rude walls that now gave shelter not only to hardy men but to gentle women. And this April morning would see another picture—a romance in the rugged sketches of frontier life.

Among those who had come with Chouteau to found this new colony was Toussaint Hanen, a sturdy young hunter, voyager and guide. He was a true type of the strong men who led the skirmish line of civilization. Yet those rough sons of the border who fearlessly trod where white men had never been before—who carried their lives always in their hands—had their gentle weaknesses and lovmakings like the rest of us.

Toussaint Hanen loved a fair girl in the South, and when her people went with young Chouteau into the northern wilderness to found his new post of St. Louis, Hanen followed the girl he loved, as a brave man should. Now, after two years of hardships in their new home, she had consented to reward his patient devotion. This balmy April morning ushered in their wedding-day, and the little village awoke to the fact of its first marriage.

There was unusual bustle among the wives and maidens. There was increased volubility of tongues not usually too silent, with vigorous gesticulation that betokened excitement. Gay ribbons and bits of lace and finery that had not seen the light before for long months were brought out, tried on, and their effects discussed. Stout matrons were not yet past a touch of vanity, and the maidens, their sisters or daughters, felt that they were fresh and charming even in the northern wilderness.

There was a priest, but no church yet. But the priest was all-sufficient now.

The women were all assembled in Chouteau's house waiting for the ceremony to begin, but some of the men were laggards. That is oftentimes the way. The women are most prompt to witness the joys and sorrows of their kind. Two guns, fired from the little yard in front of the house, brought them all together. The priest, Father Gibault, stood waiting to do his part. A door opened, and all eyes were turned to see the bride and bridegroom. It was the same then as now. There was that instinctive feminine movement of curiosity that we see to-day at weddings, whether in the church or in the parlor. That same eager stretching of heads to see it all.

The bride, Marie Baugenon, would make but a sorry show in these days of gorgeous weddings. A dress of homespun cloth; a crimson ribbon, to relieve the heavy braids of dark hair; and—so the tradition runs—a little bunch of wild-flowers also, scentless yet sweet. That was her bridal array. So simple, yet she might be very charming.

The bridegroom was clad from head to foot in buckskin—fresh yellow buckskin, befringed and ornamented with all that primitive taste could bestow upon it.

A little rude table formed the altar; and, standing before that, Father Gibault pronounced the words that made Toussaint Hanen and Marie Baugenon man and wife for ever. And who will say there was not as much of real love and honest faith beneath those homely garments as we dare aspire to in our days of luxury and refinement? Then followed the festivities, eating and drinking of the solid kind, and, finally, a dance that lasted—so the story goes—till the rough floor wore out their mocassins.

So, if we may believe the old record as it reads in quaint French, "On the 20th day of the month, April, 1766, there were married, Toussaint Hanen and Marie Baugenon, at St. Louis, being the first married in this place."

## THE GOVERNOR-COMMANDANT'S WEDDING.

JUST as the eighteenth century was about to end, and thirty-four years after the wedding just described, St. Louis saw another and a grander one; being no less than that of Charles Dehaut Delassus de Delussiere, the Spanish Governor-Commandant.

St. Louis and the territory of Louisiana had been for some years under Spanish rule. Some of the Governors preceding Delassus de Delussiere had been Spaniards. This gentleman, however, was a native of France, although he had been a long time in the Spanish service. But, since the inhabitants of Upper Louisiana were almost entirely French, it was a wise policy to give them a Governor speaking their own tongue.

Since the first wedding at St. Louis a generation has passed away. The limestone of the river-bank had been quarried and hewn. The rude cabins of Chouteau and his day had given place to warehouses and mansions with massive walls. Trade had brought wealth, and with wealth came the more luxurious manners and habits of civilization. Emigrants had poured in from all quarters. Indian wars and devastation had swept over the colony. Troubles had come and gone; but the little village of St. Louis had survived them all, and was thriving in its way.

A whole generation works changes. The matrons of that first wedding had become old women. The maidens had become matrons and middle-aged. The bride herself, if living, might be a grandmother. St. Louis had become a military post, with forts, cannon, and a garrison. Such were the changes of thirty-four years.

The new Governor-Commandant was a soldier and a gentleman. Born in France, of good family, one would think there was little in the Western wilderness of that day to tempt him to settle down to sober domestic life. But the village of St. Louis already had its belles and beauties. When the new Governor-Commandant came, he saw, and was conquered.

France had proved an improvident mother to her children and possessions in Louisiana; and the inhabitants of that territory were grieved at being made to pass under the flag of Spain. Yet the Spanish rule had been generally mild and lenient. But when the new Governor came, a Frenchman, he was received with open arms.

Delassus de Delussiere was a gay bachelor, too, and that had its effect. Balls and parties followed the arrival of the new Governor. Silks and laces were not wanting to heighten the charms of beauty. Managing mammas and willing daughters were a component part of genteel society then as now. There were jealousies and heartburnings of course. But Delassus de Delussiere plucked the fairest flower in the garden. He wooed and won the belle of the village, and his wedding was the grand event in the last days of the old regime.



The roar of cannon ushered in the day that was to make the new Governor a happy man. The guns of thearrison were made as bright as polishing could make them. The little church was decorated, and the priest wore a new vestment. Drums and fife filled the air with martial music. Guns were fired and whisky flowed free as water.

The sober folk of Cahokia came over to see the grand doings at the Governor's wedding, dressed in homespun and buckskin. But the people of St. Louis laughed at them. They had already reached broadcloth and silks.

It was a curious sight. The little church was filled to overflowing and numbers were outside. The trader with his wife and daughters were elegant in costly garments. The farmer of the neighborhood was there, clad in homespun. His wife—if ambitious—wore a gorgeous gown of chintz. The sunburnt trapper from the mountains was dressed in the garb of the Indians with whom he lived. He carried his rifle, his powder-horn and hunting-knife with him into the church. The soldiers from the garrison; officers in gay uniforms; even eager, keen-eyed Yankees were there too. It was a picture for a painter. It was civilization and barbarism shaking hands.

The bride was decked out in all that wealth could command or taste suggest. When she swept up the aisle of the church the country dames held their breaths in awe. Never before had they seen the like. The bridegroom was a soldier, and his splendid uniform and gallant bearing brought a sigh to the lips of more than one disappointed fair one.

The service was made impressive and grand, as befitting the rank of the contracting parties; but after all it was but the promise to live true and loyal as man and wife. When the priest pronounced the benediction, and the wedding party swept down the aisle again, the cannon roared out their joy, the fife and drums took up the strain, the muskets of the garrison and the shouts of the multitude all told of their delight at the marriage of the Governor-Commandant.

#### ORNAMENTAL FEATHERS.

AN interesting account of the manufacture of ornamental feathers, an industry which employs about 240 workwomen and apprentices in Vienna, is given, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in the "Translations of Official Austrian Reports on the Universal Exhibition" in that city in 1873. The coloring is done by men, the other processes mostly by women. African ostrich feathers are most usually manufactured. These are white, black, gray and dappled, and are classified according to quality, as "prima," "secunda," etc. Other feathers frequently worked are those of the white heron, bird-of-Paradise, and marabou (there are genuine marabou feathers and false). The white prima ostrich feather is the finest of all. The feather is cleaned first by a cold soap-bath, well washed twice or thrice, and then put into warm soap-baths, afterwards well washed in cold water, then bleached a little, pressed and swung to and fro in the air until the hairs have spread and the feather is quite dry. Next, with a small, sharp knife the strong rib at the back is cut away; the feather loses its stiffness and acquires pliability. With small feathers this is obtained by scraping the rib with glass. Then the hairs on each side of the rib are made to curl in, with a blunt knife, and the requisite uniformity of shape is given them by combing them over a slightly warmed iron. Next, in order to hide the rib, the worker with a blunt knife twists here and there some hairs of the feather spirally over the rib until it is completely concealed by them. The feather is then threaded with a wire, folded in paper, and so completed. The same process is followed with gray and black ostrich feathers, except that the gray are generally, and the black always, colored. White feathers are only colored for some particular fashion of color as blue, rose, violet, etc. If the hair on a feather is not dense enough, or the feather is defective, then two or three feathers are sewn together and curled. This is done with both short and long feathers. Long feathers are called "leaf feathers," "Amazons"; short feathers, generally three of a bundle, are called "panache." Single and sewn feathers are distinguished in both. The hair of the ostrich feather is also much used for the manufacture of fancy feathers—cockades, fringes, etc., are made of these. The feathers are twisted by a machine, and then joined to the hairs of other feathers. These combinations are called "pleureuses," and pieces of ostrich feather are sewn together to a length of some cells, and called "boudures," and are used to decorate dresses. There is an American ostrich feather called "vulture," which is worked like the African, but is inferior to it in quality. Tempting white feathers called marabou are much worked. They are used for fancy feathers, the points of small white or colored pigeon feathers, and very small fragments of silk and the like are joined on to them. "Boudures" for ball-dresses are made of them. It is evident from this account that "to show the white feather" is a process which entails some trouble and expense.

#### SPANISH COSTUME.

EMINENTLY characteristic and picturesque is the Spanish costume; black is the universal color. The mantilla, which has been worn for centuries, is in the cities being fast superseded by the French bonnet, but in the provinces is still almost universally worn. The mantilla of the last century, with its elegant fall of black lace from a high comb on the top of the head, and then crossed over the bosom, is familiar to us from the innumerable pictures of Spanish life which have appeared since the days of Wilkie. The large black fan is as universal an attribute of the Spanish lady. Every province in Spain has its peculiar and unvarying dress. The Catalonian fisherman is known by his crimson cap hanging half way down his back. The natives of La Mancha wear a round, close cap. The men of Valencia are marked by their short white Moorish drawers. The Andalusian is fond of wrapping his head in a showy handkerchief. The dandy of Seville hangs his gay tasseled jacket over his left shoulder. The native of Cadiz affects a conical hat with a bunch of tassels hanging from the brim. The long brown cloak and thick hempen sandals are worn by the humbler peasants in every part of Spain. In all the wilder parts the men you meet carry carbines slung at their back, and the long stabbing-knife is a friend without which no Spaniard ever travels.

#### RECEPTION OF INDIANS INTO THE MORMON CHURCH BY BAPTISM.

THE city of St. George is in Washington County, Utah, on the Rio Virgin, and is 3,300 feet above the level of the sea, and about 1,100 feet lower than Salt Lake City. This is the headquarters of the Southern Mission of the Mormon Church, and a regular fishing-office and bakery are there estab-

lished. The Indians in the vicinity belong to the Shebit tribe, and our engraving represents one of the results of Mormon missionaries among them. Some months ago an Indian named Antelope Jack announced, à la John Smith, that messengers from the Almighty had appeared to him in a vision and stated that the time had come for the Indians to carry out any suggestions that the Saints might make. It was immediately "suggested" that the Indians should enter the Mormon Church through the ordinance of baptism, that they might be better prepared to receive future spiritual advancement. Accordingly, about the 1st of April, Qu-tuss and some 300 of his tribe appeared at a pool a little north of the city. The men and women were assembled in groups and appeared to feel as though they were about to do some important act. Their manner was as simple and childlike as could be. A. P. Hardy acted as interpreter, and when he announced that they would engage in prayer, these swarthy denizens of the mountains knelt with more earnestness of manner than some of their white brethren. They were baptized without any manifestation of timidity or awkwardness. The brethren of St. George killed and distributed among them two beaves before they left for their homes on the Colorado. The Sunday following, those who remained went to the meeting, like other good brethren. Henceforward these Indians must change their habits of life; they must wash themselves regularly—which is the worst affliction that could come upon them; they must stop painting their faces, thus renouncing one of the distinguishing characteristics of their race; and, more horrible still, they must go to work and stop stealing. Having observed all these conditions, they will be in a condition to receive further grace from the Almighty, filtered through Brigham Young.

#### THE RAILWAY BRIDGE AT PORTAGE FALLS, N. Y., DESTROYED BY FIRE.

THE destruction by fire of the Portage Bridge, on the Buffalo and Hornellsville branch of the Erie Railway, on the night of May 5th, is supposed to have been the work of incendiaries. Train No. 4 had passed over, and a few minutes later the flames were discovered. Every attempt was made to save it, but the fire appeared in so many places that all efforts were in vain.

This bridge, besides being the largest wooden viaduct in the world, was famous for the grandeur of its location. It spanned a gorge with perpendicular walls, through which the Genesee River leaps in three successive falls to the level of the valley below. It stood upon thirteen stone piers, set in the river-bed sufficiently above high-water mark to be secure against freshets. Upon these piers the bridge itself rose 234 feet, and upon the top of the structure the track was laid. The bridge was 800 feet long, cost \$175,000, and was so ingeniously constructed that any single timber in it could be removed and replaced at pleasure, without deranging others. In this immediate vicinity are the Horseshoe Falls, the Middle Falls, the Devil's Oven, and other objects of interest to the tourist.

#### ANNUAL DINNER OF THE NEW YORK CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

ON Thursday evening, May 6th the 10th Anniversary Banquet of the New York Chamber of Commerce was given at Delmonico's. Nearly two hundred persons were present, including many of the most prominent merchants of the city, and a goodly number of distinguished guests. The Hon. Wm. E. Dodge presided. Speeches were made by Postmaster-General Jewell; Judge Brady, of the New York Supreme Court; Jackson S. Schultz; the Hon. Fernando Wood; Mr. Archibald, the British Consul-General; Chief-Justice Noah Davis; William Cullen Bryant, and others. Letters regretting their inability to be present were read from President Grant, Governor Tilden, Hon. J. G. Blaine, Hon. Elijah Ward, and Hon. Frederick W. Seward.

The annual election for officers of the Chamber of Commerce, held the same day, was the most exciting contest in the history of that usually staid organization. For the first time in many years two lists of nominees were in the field—the "Regular," or Opydyke ticket, and the "Independent," or Babcock ticket. The contest was spirited, and resulted in the election of the Independent ticket, headed by the following gentlemen: President—S. D. Babcock; First Vice-President—James M. Brown; Second Vice-President—G. W. Lane; Treasurer—Francis S. Lathrop; Secretary—George Wilson.

The successful party claim the result to be a victory for the advocates of a "hard money" policy, and promise that new life and energy will be aroused in the time-honored association by the change in management. The old custom of making the First Vice-President of one year the President of the next was disregarded for the first time since the Chamber was incorporated.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

HER MAJESTY'S JUDGES, according to ancient custom, on the first Sunday in Easter Term, met the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London at the afternoon service in St. Paul's. All were in their official robes, and when each had been presented with a bouquet, they walked in procession from the vestry-room to their seats in the body of the cathedral, where an immense congregation had already assembled. The sermon on this occasion was preached by Canon Liddon, from a text in the First Epistle of St. Peter, "As free, and not using your liberty for a cloak of maliciousness, but as servants of God." Towards the close of his discourse, the preacher, in reference to the Judges, said that the distinguished profession of which they were ornaments might well take as their motto the expression, "as servants of God."

CARDINAL MANNING, shortly after his recent return from Rome, officiated at Canterbury at the public opening of the new church dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket. The Bishops of Beverly, Elphin, Hexham and Newcastle, Newport and Menevia, Northampton, Nottingham, Shrewsbury, and the majority of the other English and Irish Roman Catholic Bishops, were also present. The services began with Mass at noon, the Bishop of Amyda being the celebrant. The illustration depicts the Cardinal—who was vested in silver and gold—delivering an address on St. Thomas à Becket, whom he eulogized as the defender of the liberties of the Church, a saint and martyr, loved more than any other saint or martyr by the people of England—a man who bore the stamp and character of the native mind—its truthfulness, its justice, its pity, its love of the poor.

GEORGE MACDONALD (whose portrait is taken from a photograph by Sarony) comes of good old Highland stock. He was born at Huntley, in the north of Aber-

deenshire, in 1824, and was educated at King's College, Aberdeen. He has passed most of his life in England, but he recently made an extensive tour in Canada and the United States. He is well-known as an able lecturer and eloquent preacher, but he has achieved his chief distinction as a popular novelist.

ROBERT BROWNING, the poet, whose latest production, "Aristophanes' Apology," all the English critics are loudly praising, was born in Camberwell, a suburb of London, in 1812. He was educated at the London University. At the age of twenty he went to Italy, where he lived for many years. The effect of his Italian life is distinctly revealed in his poetry, alike in his choice of subjects and in his treatment of them. In 1846 he married Elizabeth Barrett, whose poetical genius was scarcely inferior to his own. Soon after her death he returned to England with their only child, a son, and he now resides in or near London.

GEORGE ALEXANDER MACFARREN was born in London in 1813. He was a fellow-student at the Royal Academy of Music with the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, whom he has recently succeeded as Principal of that institution and as Professor of Music at the University of Cambridge. Professor Macfarren has distinguished himself both as a composer and as a writer on the theory and practice of his art. His most important and most successful composition is the oratorio "St. John the Baptist."

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA IN VENICE.—We reproduce an illustration of one of the many picturesque scenes which render memorable the late visit of the Austrian Emperor to Venice. It represents the embarking from the steps leading from the Royal Gardens. When the Imperial and Royal party reached the stairs, the Emperor, on whose arm the Princess of Piedmont was leaning, uncovered his head, and, taking her hand, he evidently uttered words of warm and grateful thanks. He then raised her hand with the most chivalric reverence and kissed it, bowed, and accompanied by the King, who, after repeatedly kissing the forehead of the Princess, again assisted the Emperor to his seat. The cannon roared, the people clapped their hands, and a loud and telling hurrah broke again and again from the manned yards of the two Peninsular and Oriental Company's vessels. The gondola pulled alongside the gunboats, the sovereigns stepped on board, and amidst an indescribable enthusiasm, the Imperial visit to Venice was brought to a splendid close.

THE CHILDREN'S SERVICE at Agricultural Hall, in London, on the 8th of April, was a notable event, full of pathos. On the afternoon of that day, between seven and eight thousand children belonging to various refuges and industrial institutions were taken to the great hall—a large open space near the platform of which had been reserved for them—to hear the famous American Revivalist, Messrs. Moody and Sankey. Singing hymns, praying, asking and answering questions, consulted the exercises on this extraordinary occasion, and, if the magnetism and earnestness of the Revivalists is as effectual with the little people as with "children of a larger growth," it may be hoped that seeds were sown that will yield a harvest of good fruit.

#### FUN.

COMMON pious—Please shut the door.  
AN executive office.—The hangman's.  
SCHE to produce short crops.—The barber's shears.  
THE dog who leads the blind man to the different free lunches is a bar pilot.  
WHY is a compositor like a cripple? Because he can't get on without a stick.  
PRECOCIOUS BOY (munching the fruit of the date tree)—"Mamma, if I eat date enough, will I grow up to be an almanac?"

THE Millerites were again disappointed about the time of the millennium. If they really want to "go up" they should form themselves into an ordinary joint stock company, and they could depend upon the result.

COURTSHIP in Patagonia is attended with much less ceremony than in this country, and there is less complaint of flirtation. There, if a young man is out riding and sees a girl he fancies, he just lassoes her and drags her home behind his horse, and that settles the whole business.

WHEN they want to find out in the country if a girl is courting or not, an old lady says in and remarks: "I say, there ain't no one sick in this here house or nothin', is there? I seen a light burnin' high on to twelve o'clock last night; but I don't smell no camphire nor nothin' around."

WHEN a man takes the wall-paper out in the yard and beats it; then nails it down to the floor, and tries to paste the carpet up against the wall, should he or his wife be given the custody of the children, in the event of her gaining her suit for divorce? This is one of the weighty questions which arise from the dust and slop of house-cleaning.

"Oh, gracious, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Marrowfat to Mrs. Quoggs, raising her hands and speaking in a very excited tone. "She was so ill when her new bonnet came home that she couldn't get up; but, dear sakes! Jane, that didn't matter nothing, for she just put her hat on and lay with her head out of the window the whole afternoon."

THE climate of Texas soon makes an elephant of a man. The *Daily Telegraph* of Houston says: "Horses and alligators have but feeble constitutions compared with many of the sons of the Lone Star empire. Pistol-balls and bowie-knife thrusts are by many considered the harmless results of playfulness and good humor, and the kick of a mule or mustang is not sufficiently emphatic to call for serious remark or notice."

A CALIFORNIA story tells of a man who resolved to give up drinking, and went to a notary to get him to draw up an affidavit to that effect. The document was drawn, read and proved; the party held up his hand and murmured the usual promise. The paper was then properly sealed and delivered. "What's to pay?" asked the pledge-maker. "To pay—to pay?" exclaimed the notary. "Nothing, of course—this is a labor of love." "Nothing to pay?" returned the grateful but very forgetful pledge-taker. "You are a brick. Let's take a drink."

THERE is a party, fat and stout  
As any Turk on Bosphorus,  
Who at our dinner-table sits,  
And never his bubble internity,  
But prates of mush and wheaten grits,  
And "mean amount of phosphorus."

He always airs his favorite theme,  
Nor cares a penny's toss for us,  
But rails at beef with "Pooh!" and "Fish!"  
And calls for cod and other fish,  
Hoping to gain—his dearest wish—  
"The mean amount of phosphorus."

Oh! that he'd change his boarding-place—  
'Twould surely be no loss for us—  
But there's one consolation yet,  
His star, ascending, soon will set,  
Some time he'll die, and then he'll get  
"His mean amount of phosphorus."

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### DOMESTIC.

A mob of negroes attempted to rescue a colored magistrate confined in the Court House at Darien, Ga., but were unsuccessful. . . . Buffalo gnats destroyed several hundred horses and mules in Tennessee. . . . The investiture of Dr. Williams, the new Archbishop of Boston, occurred on the 2d, Cardinal McCloskey conferring the pallium. . . . Montpelier, Vt., was visited by a destructive fire. . . . Preparations were begun in several colleges for the next International Collegiate literary contest. . . . A severe tornado swept over Columbia, S. C. . . . The expedition for the geological survey of the Black Hills leaves Fort Laramie on the 15th. . . . The President removed Mr. Douglass, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and appointed ex-Senator Pratt to fill the vacancy. . . . More cases of yellow fever were reported at Key West. . . . The American Medical Association convened at Louisville, Ky. . . . Baron Schwarz-Senborn's resignation as Austrian Minister to the United States was accepted by his Government. . . . The Legislature of Connecticut assembled, and Mr. Ingersoll was inaugurated as Governor. . . . Three hundred street laborers at Washington, D. C., struck for higher wages and attempted to parade, but were dispersed by the police. . . . The annual election for officers of the New York Chamber of Commerce took place, and was the cause of much excitement. . . . A Republican victory was reported in Indianapolis, and a Democratic one in Terre Haute, Ind. . . . In the New York Assembly the Absolute Removal Bill was killed by a vote of the Republican side of the House and the Canal Ring. . . . The strike in the coal regions of Pennsylvania continues, and acts of violence and lawlessness are reported daily. . . . The Kentucky Democratic Convention was in session at Louisville, and nominated State officers. . . . The American team for the International rifle match at Dublin was selected—Colonel Gildersleeve elected Captain.

##### FOREIGN.

A BILL for the suppression of religious orders in Germany was presented in the Lower House of the Diet. . . . Belgium sent a counter reply to the last German note. . . . A large Carlist force on the frontier of Navarre revolted and demanded peace. . . . An Imperial German Exhibition is proposed for 1878. . . . Lepine, the Manitoba rebel, was released from prison under the amnesty act of Canada. . . . Disturbances were reported in Port-au-Pais, Hayti, in which the British Consul was assaulted. . . . France and England agreed to send men-of-war to the fishing-grounds of Newfoundland, to prevent a fight between fishermen. . . . A Carlist victory, and the death of an Alfonsoist general, were reported from the province of Barcelona. . . . Large subscriptions have been collected for the entertainment of American riflemen at Dublin. . . . The treaty of the International Postal Union was ratified at Bern, Switzerland. . . . Minister Dufaure submitted to the French Senate regulations for election to that body. . . . Dr. Fuller, first Bishop of the new Episcopal Diocese of Niagara, was consecrated at Hamilton, Canada. . . . The motion for the recognition by Great Britain of the belligerent rights of the Carlists in Spain was withdrawn in the British Parliament. . . . Cholera broke out in the province of Oude, India. . . . King Alfonso received the Papal Nuncio, and promised to fulfill his duties of gratitude and affection to the Holy Father. . . . The Pope was reported very ill. . . . The Emperor of Brazil announced the restoration of order in the empire, and the excess of receipts over expenditures. . . . Forty foreigners were killed in the revolution in Hayti, and a state of siege was proclaimed. . . . The crew of the American schooner *Jefferson Borden* mutinied, and a pitched battle ensued between them and the officers. The crew was overcome, and taken to London and imprisoned. . . . The Prince Bishop of Breslau was removed from the country for violation of the ecclesiastical laws of Germany. . . . A mob of Chinamen destroyed the American Methodist Chapel at Quikwang. . . . Fresh plots against Bismarck's life were reported. . . . The Michoacan revolution in Mexico is extending rapidly.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

NEW YORK CITY.—Contrary to expectation, the Grand Opera House was closed, April 28th. It was understood a new lease had been obtained, but the play of "Ahmed" did not attract a sufficient audience to pay expenses. . . . The Park is to be thoroughly renovated for the Summer season, and will remain under the direction of Messrs. Stuart & Fulton. . . . The Olympic is doing a good business as a variety theatre, and fresh attractions are announced each week. . . . On the afternoons of May 12th and 19th, Miss Sophia F. Hellbron will give farewell piano recitals at Steinway Hall, during which Miss Jessie Hellbron, who is only thirteen years of age, will recite Tennyson's "May Queen." . . . Mme. Ristori played at the Lyceum, on the 6th, for the Italian School in the Five Points, and on the 7th she took a farewell benefit. . . . Miss Adelaide Neilson, who is about leaving this country, had a benefit at Booth's on the 7th, when she appeared as *Julie*, in the "Hunchback." . . . The Grand Opera House will be reopened May 15th, with the "Twelve Temptations." The manager must have had many more to induce him to settle in this ill-starred place. . . . The proposed American College of Music has received a generous charter from the Legislature, and as soon as the unknown donor of the money gives the word, the trustees will select a site and begin the building. . . . Messrs. Harrigan and Hart are engaged for the Summer season at Wallack's, and will appear in quite a novel piece. . . . Josh Hart has begun work upon his new Eagle Theatre, on Sixth Avenue, between Thirty-second and Thirty-third Streets.

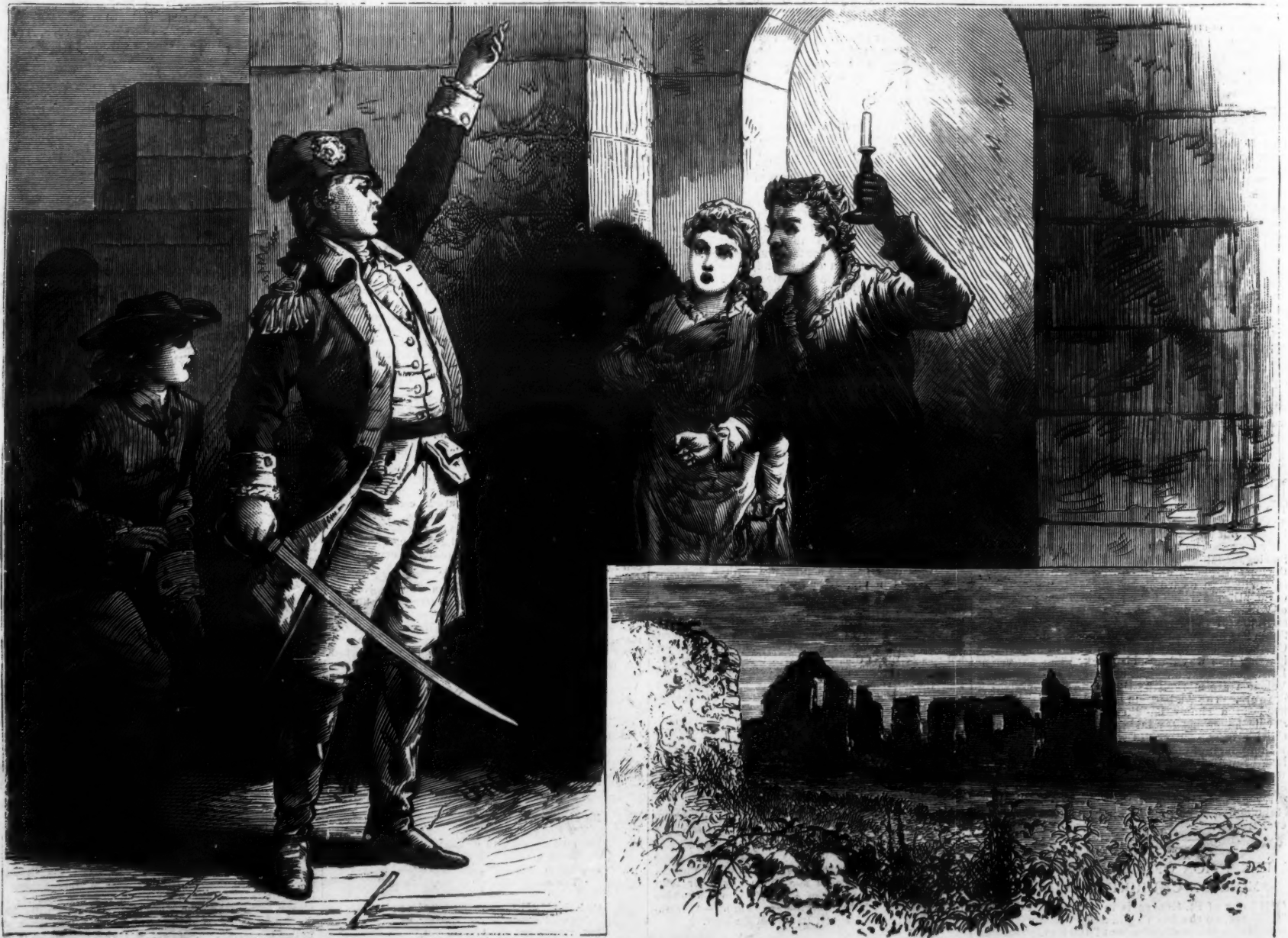
PROVINCIAL.—The two daughters of the late Mrs. Conway appeared at their mother's theatre, Brooklyn, on the 10th, in the "Two Orphans," a piece so appropriate that the building failed to hold half the friends. . . . Mr. Jefferson has entered upon the second week of his engagement at the Boston Theatre, in "Rip Van Winkle," and at the close he will go to Europe. . . . Miss Charlotte Cushman took her farewell from the stage at Boston last week, appearing in "Henry VIIIth," "Guy Mannering" and "Macbeth," supported by D. Waller. . . . Lotta was at the Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, last week, playing in the drama of "Zip," as coquettishly as ever. . . . Lawrence Barrett began an engagement at the Buffalo Academy on the 3d. . . . Cincinnati is already intensely excited about its forthcoming musical festival, and, envious of the people of Concord and Lexington, a large number of the citizens will specially decorate their dwellings for the occasion. . . . Miss Lina Mayr occupied the Arch Street, Philadelphia, the last week in April, giving "Giroff-Giroff," in German. . . . Gilmore is giving a series of six promenade concerts at the Philadelphia Academy this week. . . . Edwin Adams was in Detroit last week. . . . Edwin Booth will star the South during the season of 1875-6. . . . "Giroff-Giroff" was given at McVicker's, Chicago, by the troupe that introduced it in New York. . . . The Kellogg opera Troupe sing in Toronto this week.

FOREIGN.—Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre Company have been airing the "Big Bonanza" at the Theatre Royal, Montreal. . . . Mrs. Rousby held the Grand Opera, Toronto, Canada, the last week in April, appearing with much success in her popular pieces. . . . Signor Brizzi, conductor of the Orfeo Orchestra, will take his band to London this Summer, and give a series of Italian Concerts. . . . Masini, the great tenor, who is to sing in Verdi's *Manzoni Requiem* Mass this month in London, has been studying his part with the maestro in Genoa.





NEW YORK CITY.—THE ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY BANQUET OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, AT DELMONICO'S, MAY 6TH.—SEE PAGE 171.

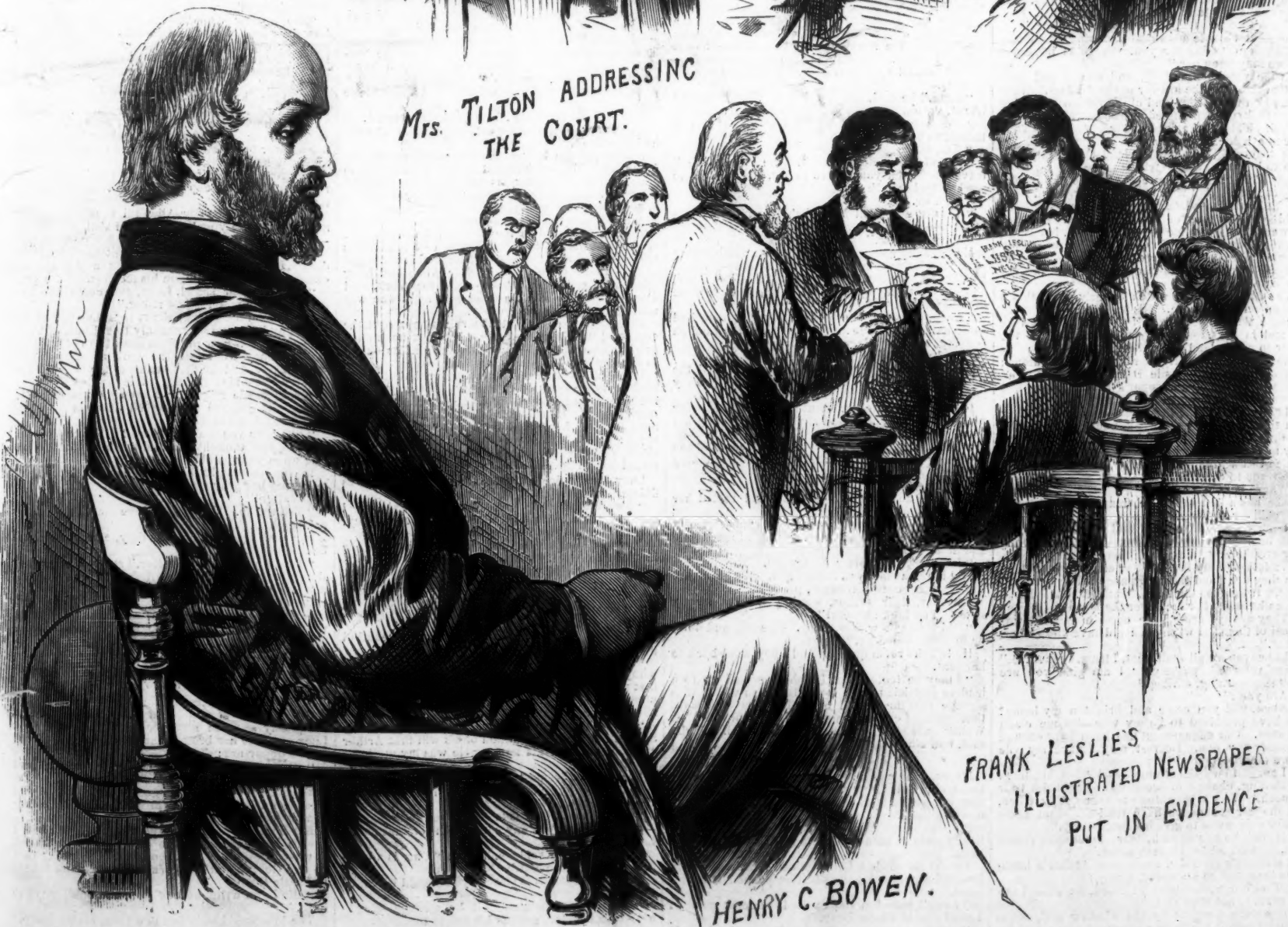


NEW YORK.—CENTENNIAL REMINISCENCES—THE CAPTURE OF TICONDEROGA, MAY 10TH, 1775.—RUINS OF THE OLD FORT.—SEE PAGE 175.





Mrs. TILTON ADDRESSING  
THE COURT.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER  
PUT IN EVIDENCE

HENRY C. BOWEN.



## SYMPATHY.

GRUDGE not thy sympathy; the heavy grief  
Well may have pangs untouched by human  
powers;  
Its root too deep to reach with help of ours,  
When Death has set his signet on the leaf,  
And bound our darlings in his fatal sheaf.  
Still, even as the gracious evening showers  
Fall in soft pity on the withered flowers,  
Winning a faint revival, sweet though brief,  
So, spite the bitter wail, "Leave woe alone,"  
Gentle and patient seek the sufferer's side;  
After long days, prompt hand and soothing tone  
Will shed their balm on sorrow's sullen tide;  
And, even repulsed, a kindness cannot die—  
The hearts that give are blest in sympathy.

## Opposite Neighbors.

By the Author of "Nora's Sacrifice," "SEED  
TIME AND HARVEST," ETC.

## CHAPTER IV.

IT was a week before the wedding-day. Lucy had gone to Islingford with Alice by the early train, and Mr. St. John was alone. There were passionate triumph and happiness in his eyes as he wandered about the stately rooms. In a few weeks Alice's presence would grace their splendor; in a short week, long in its suspense, she would be his own for ever.

Whatever was false in Arthur St. John, his love was true. With all his passionate nature he loved Alice Ingledon, and would have sacrificed home and riches and fair fame to win her.

If he had looked out on the sunny river, he would have seen a boat sweeping rapidly up the stream, and stopping at the Ingledon boat-house. A man—a tall, powerful fellow—presently sprang out, and went rapidly across the lawn.

Walter was in the oak parlor, writing. He came out on to the terrace with his pen in his hand.

"Any news, Tom? You look scared."

"Bad news, I am afraid, Sir Walter. There's been an accident—the horses ran away with Mr. Ingham's carriage."

"Good heaven! Is any one hurt? Have you heard?"

"They telegraphed to Castle Dean. Here's the telegram, sir. I'll go over to the Place. Mr. St. John will like to go. A train starts for Aresford in half an hour, Sir Walter."

The telegram ran thus:

"Mr. Percy Ingham, the Rectory, Islingford, to Sir Walter Ingledon, Ingledon House.—Come at once. There has been a carriage accident. Miss Ingledon is dangerously injured."

The Inghams were old friends. Even in the midst of the first horror, Walter felt glad she was with them, if she could not come home. He went to see Joan, calming himself in view of the necessity of immediate action; and, before Tom Marvel's boat returned to the Ingledon bank, Walter was waiting there. Silently he handed Arthur the telegram.

Arthur St. John was utterly overcome. Joan felt intense pity for him in the midst of all her grief and suspense.

"Don't grieve so, Arthur," she said, gently, shortly afterwards, as the train whirled them towards Islingford. "Hope was given us to make sorrow lighter."

His only answer was a half-smothered sob. He never spoke till standing at the Rectory door.

"I can't go in. Oh, if she is dying, Walter!"

The Rectory's wife answered their ring.

"She is watching for you. There is hope yet that we may keep her."

"Hope yet!" For days, and weeks, and even months, that was the answer of the doctors. Alice lingered on the border-land of life till harvest-home had been kept, and Ingledon woods were weeping for their children, the dead and fallen leaves. Then she came home, a shadow of her former self, too weak to cross the room, or lend the beauty of a smile to her wan, white face.

The winter passed away, and gentle Spring made the earth glad with budding leaves and flowers. Soft winds and early sunshine brought back the bloom and glow of health to Alice. She was still weak, but her voice was as cheerful, her laugh as ready as in the past Summer, and there was joy at Ingledon and at the Place, where Lucy was still mistress, though she and her brother spent most of their time at Ingledon.

Alice had grown to watch eagerly for Arthur's footsteps on the terrace. His soft voice was more welcome than any other. No one could read as he; and in her most weary moments he had the power to soothe and please her.

One morning in early Spring Alice was alone: Walter had gone to Castle Dean on business, and Joan was in the housekeeper's room. Alice had thrown down her book, and was standing at the window, watching the little boat crossing the river from the Place. By the weak, uneven strokes she saw that it was Arthur; he had not learnt to equal Lucy in the art of rowing yet.

Alice threw open the window, and came out on the terrace to meet him.

"Where is Lucy, Arthur?"

"She has a bad headache, dear. Come in; the air is chill for an invalid."

"I am no invalid now; I feel wonderfully well. What beautiful violets, Arthur! Oh, thank you! They are the first I have seen this year."

"Violets are my favorite flowers. So sweet, so pure they are; and their fragrance is like beautiful music. It touches the heart," said Mr. St. John.

Alice bent her fair face over the flowers.

"They always remind me of mamma; she was so fond of them. I wish you could have known her, Arthur."

"In heaven we all shall meet, I trust, dear Alice," Arthur returned, gravely. "I am glad you are alone this morning, darling."

"Are you?"

"Alice, will you come and brighten my home? You have promised to be my wife—let me claim you soon. Our engagement has been long enough to satisfy any one. Dearest, may I have my wife before the violets die?"

"I am still far from strong," said Alice, blushing.

"Darling, change of scene will bring back your strength. We will go abroad to sunny Italy. Alice, and the fair scenes we have read of. You know Walter only waits to give his sister away."

"It shall be as you wish, dear—before the violets fade. I wish Reginald were home."

A strange expression came over Arthur's handsome face, but he answered, gently:

"If all our wishes were gratified, we should forget earth is not eternal."

They were standing by the window still, when Walter crossed the lawn with rapid steps and entered the room, his face glowing with happiness and excitement.

"Where is Joan? Dear Alice, I have joyful news. Reginald is coming home!"

"Coming home! Oh, when?" Alice sprang forward eagerly as she spoke.

"He wrote the letter just before he started; he will be here next week. I must find Joan."

Walter left the room with hasty steps. Alice turned to Mr. St. John.

"Oh, Arthur, my wish is granted!"

In her joy she did not notice the ashy pallor of his face or his agitated voice.

"I am glad, dear, I am glad—I must go now. Good-by."

He held her in his arms and kissed her twice with lingering fondness.

"Good-by. Heaven bless you, my darling!"

He crossed the river, but, instead of going home, he turned away up the rocky path to the moor above Burleigh Cliff. He never rested till he reached its loneliness, and then, with the words, "Reginald Ingledon is coming home," ringing in his ears, he flung himself on the dead heather and covered his face from the light in a passion of despair.

## CHAPTER V.

TOM MARVEL'S boat was coming up the river, pulled by a solitary oarsman—a soldier, young and handsome, with the dark eyes and hair of the Ingledons. He was like Sir Walter, but there was a shadow on his face which the elder brother's had never worn—the shadow of hidden sorrow, never seen but when his face was at rest, and giving the eyes somewhat of Joan's patient look of suffering, and saddening the lines of his sweet, firm mouth.

He was pulling swiftly, noting each familiar landmark with a happy smile. He rested on his oars a minute as he turned the point of Burleigh Cliff. Ingledon lay before him, the evening sunshine reddening its gables, and casting a glow of rosy light across the lawn and wavy woods beyond. Only for a minute he lingered; and then, after a few more swift strokes, the boat touched Ingledon bank, and with rapid steps he reached the terrace.

The drawing-room windows were open, and the sound of merry voices reached him as he stood lingering without. Then Joan saw the shadow of a man on the terrace, and stepped out, to be clasped in her brother's arms.

"We have been watching for you, dear. Oh, Reggie, Reggie!" and Joan burst into joyful tears.

"My darling sister—Walter!" and he turned to clasp his brother's hands and return the enthusiastic embrace of Alice.

"I heard strange voices," observed Reginald, after the first greetings were over.

"Our visitors are gone," explained Alice, blushing. "It was Mr. St. John and his sister."

"We shall have you to ourselves this evening, Reg," said his brother. "Let me have a good look at you;" and he laid his hands fondly on Reginald's shoulders.

"Thinner and paler, but it is the same dear old face. Oh, Reggie, Reggie, home is home again, now that we have you, dear boy!"

"How did you come? You should have written, and we would have met you, dear," put in Joan.

"I wanted to surprise you. Tom Marvel lent me his boat, and I left Jack at Castle Dean. Dear Alice, you look ill. I feared we should never meet again at home. Dear old Ingledon! It is more beautiful than ever."

"You must be tired and hungry, Reg. Come in; it is getting cold. We'll go into the oak parlor. That's your favorite room, Reginald."

"Yes; and I want to hear all the news, past, present, and future too, if you can tell it me. Don't ask me any questions to-night; I want to forget there are other things in the world besides home."

While the Ingledons were gathered round the fire, talking of old and new times, Arthur St. John was pacing the library of the Place with hasty, agitated steps. Suddenly he stopped, as though he had formed a resolve, and rang the bell for his servant.

"John," he said, steadily, like something he had learnt. "I am going to London to-morrow. One of my dearest friends is dying. I want but a few things, and shall go alone."

"Yes, sir."

"I shall start before Miss St. John rises. I shall leave a letter for you to give to her, and also one to send to Ingledon."

"Yes, sir."

"That is all. Tell Mary I shall want my horse at six to-morrow."

"Very well, sir."

Mr. St. John changed his mind, after vainly trying to write a letter to his liking. He went up-stairs to his sister's boudoir. She had taken off her dress, and was reading by the fire, wrapped in a white dressing-gown.

"Lucy, my dear," he said, gently. "I have had some bad news. One of my old friends in London is dying, and has telegraphed for me."

"And you are going, Arthur?"

"Yes; the first thing in the morning. Tell the Ingledons how sorry I am to go, dear, and give my love to Alice. I will write from London."

He moved restlessly about as he spoke, toying with Lucy's treasures, and never once meeting her earnest eyes.

"I am sorry," she said; "and yet I am glad you are going to London. I want you to do something for me."

"What, my dear?"

She rose and came to his side, and rested her hand lightly on his shoulder.

"Arthur, will you go to a leading physician in London and consult him? You have looked pale and ill lately."

"I never was better in my life. The doctors would laugh at me, you foolish girl. My lungs are as strong as yours—stronger, perhaps."

"Arthur, dear Arthur, won't you do it for my sake? You look ill, dear."

"Old woman's whims, Lucy. Kiss me, and don't be foolish. Good-by."

He left the room quickly, and Lucy went back to her seat.

"I may be foolish, but I wish he would go to a leading physician. He looks far from well. It is strange that he should be called away the night that Reginald comes home—my other brother," as Walter calls him. I wonder what he is like," she said, half aloud.

Mr. St. John was down early next morning, ready to start; but Lucy was in the breakfast-room, dressed, before him, and the table was laid for the morning meal.

"There is no train till eight, Arthur—so you have plenty of time to make a good breakfast," she said.

He sat down, but Lucy noticed that he scarcely touched anything; and at last he pushed back his plate.

"I can't eat—I'm too excited. I must go now. I shall ride to Castle Dean."

"Let me row you down. It is not at all likely that you will find Tom Marvel at the ferry."

"If you like, dear, but let us start at once."

"What is your poor friend's name?" asked Lucy, as they were floating down the stream.

"Eh, Lucy?" he said, starting violently; the question had taken him by surprise.

"What is your friend's name?"

"Oh, Percy—Edward Percy. Poor fellow! We went to school together."

Lucy did not pursue the subject—it seemed to excite him so painfully—but rowed on in silence. He would not let her walk with him to the station, but bade her good-by when the boat touched the landing-place.

"I will write this evening. Take care of yourself, my dear little sister."

## CHAPTER VI.

LUCY did not return homewards directly. She went on down the river another mile before she turned her boat, and the sun was high in the heavens when she again reached the Place. Two gentlemen were walking up and down the lawn, and came to meet her.

"I was waiting for you, Lucy," said Walter.

"This is Reginald."

Blushing and smiling, Lucy held out her hand to her "other brother."

"I should have known who you were, Captain Ingledon—you are so like your brother."

"Though you speak so formally to me," he returned, pleasantly. "I can't call you 'Miss St. John.' My new sister's name is Lucy, is it not?"

"Yes," she answered, with a rosy blush, adding, "I am so sorry, but Arthur has been telegraphed for by a dying friend. I rowed him to Castle Dean. He was fagged to go, but the summons was urgent."

"I am sorry, too," said Walter. "He will not be gone long, I hope? Come and spend the day with us, Lucy. Joan ordered me to bring you back with us, *volens volens*."

"I will come. Walter, will you gather some of these violets for Alice while I change my dress?"

She was gone but a few minutes, and returned with a scarlet shawl thrown over her black silk dress, and her hair brushed carelessly back and tied with a ribbon. She held a book in her hand.

"Alice will like to read this. It was sent me yesterday by an old friend—Tennyson's last poem, and a few of his best lyrics."

"Arthur ought to be here to read it to us; I have never heard so gifted a reader," observed Walter, glancing over the pages. "Somebody has said that no one can read poetry properly who has not loved and suffered."

"I believe that," said Reginald, adding, after a slight pause, "Poetry is the language of love and sorrow, the sister angels of life; grief interprets its beauty, as night reveals the glory of the stars to us."

"A fair simile," commented Lucy; "poetry is like the stars—an earnest of immortality."

"And prose is like daylight," rejoined Walter, "limiting our glance to earth. Heaven help the man whose life is all poetry. He is striving to reach the stars while things bright and beautiful lie unseen at his feet. What poet ever truly knew the happiness of home?"

"None!" they barked their thoughts and feelings for fame. A poet is dull company out of his books."

"Ah, but his books are his happiness and 'exceeding great reward,'" said Lucy—"sunshine and stars to him. A true poet must be happy."

Walter laughed at her eager words and face.

"You and Reginald ought to be very great friends. He is an ardent lover of the muse. We must get him to read Tennyson, Lucy; he has the gift."

Lucy's gray eyes were turned with gentle scrutiny to the officer's face as she answered:

"Did you ever know Walter to confess himself to have had the worst of an argument?"

"Never!" laughed Reginald. "With all honors he retires gracefully from the field before the contest is over. He and I have had many a battle royal on this same subject."

By this time the trio had reached the water's edge.

"Is Floss to go, Lucy?" inquired the baronet.

"Oh, yes; poor Floss would break his heart were he left behind."

It was a warm balmy morning; and when they had landed Walter declared it was a sacrifice to stay in-doors, and took his brother away over the estate, leaving the ladies to talk over the one topic of absorbing interest—the coming marriages.

After dinner the day grew quickly dark, and the Ingledons gathered in the cheerful drawing-room. Walter put the finishing touches to a sketch he was taking of Ingledon Church, and Reginald read a few of Tennyson's poems aloud, while Alice and Lucy idled over some feminine apology for work, and Joan stitched busily at some garments she was making for the Dorcas Society.

The wind rose without, the rain swept past the curtained windows, but they heard it not in the bright room where Reginald's voice lent its charm to the music of the poet's words.

From his lonely room in a London hotel Arthur St. John looked out on the stormy night, and the rain fell freshly on his face, but he too heeded not outward things. In maddened thought, in utter bitterness of soul, he looked out on the blank, dreary night; he felt that he was banished from the happy circle at Ingledon, where Peace seemed to have folded her wings and set her seal on every brow.

Lucy drew a deep breath when the last line was finished, and Reginald closed the book.

"Awful nonsense!" said Walter, before she could speak. "Don't trouble yourself to speak, Lucy, *cara mia*; I see you agree with me."

She answered him with the flash he loved to see kindle in her eyes.

"It is very beautiful of course," said Joan, dubiously; "but one simple lyric is worth it all to me."

"Worth all those lofty thoughts—those words of genius!" exclaimed Lucy. "Oh, Joan!"

"I think it," said Alice, "the most beautiful poem he has written."

"To Lucy Carr St. John," interrupted Reginald, who had been reading the written words on the first page—"with the best love of a friend and pupil. Pardon me, Lucy, are you named Carr after any near relation?"

"My rightful name is Carr," replied Lucy. Uncle St. John made it a condition of his will that Arthur and I should take his name. He was my mother's brother."

Reginald's bronzed cheeks turned pale. He closed the book and pushed his chair back into the shadow before he spoke.

"The name of Carr is familiar—painfully familiar—to me. Have you any connections of that name, Lucy?"

"Dozens," she said, smilingly; "Carr is a common name in Scotland."

"I suppose so. It is strange you should be called Carr."

"Why on earth should it be strange, Reg?" asked his brother, putting his colors together.

"The name is connected with the most miserable day I ever spent in my life," said Reginald, trying to speak lightly, though some sorrowful memory

darkened his face. "I am glad I may call you 'Lucy.'"

"I am sorry you saw my name, if it pains you," returned Lucy, gently.

"I hope it won't be your name long," was Walter's remark, as he came to her side with his finished sketch. "Lucy Ingledon is far prettier, isn't it, Reg?"

"It is, to my ears," his brother replied, "far prettier."

Reginald left the room as Walter spoke, the hidden grief heavy at his heart.

## CHAPTER VII.

NEXT day a letter arrived from Mr. St. John. His friend, he said, was lying dangerously ill of typhoid fever. He could not return to the Place till the danger was over or his friend was dead. It was arranged that Lucy should stay at Ingledon till her brother returned.

Those were happy days—they sped all too quickly. Sorrow was coming with the Summer, but no shadow had yet fallen; the cloud was below the horizon, and the sky was bright above.

The violets had faded, and early roses shed their fragrance o'er the graves of dead Spring flowers. The woods were flushing into Summer prime, and the ancient garden where Alice Ingledon plighted her troth was radiant with perfumed life. Lucy was still at Ingledon. The days and weeks had passed so pleasantly, that it seemed but a little time since Arthur had gone to London, yet the second month was nearly over. Still Arthur did not speak of coming home—his friend could not do without him yet; and so the weeks passed on.

Reginald had been spending the day at Castle Carlyn. Instead of coming home by the road, he came through the woods, where the evening was darkening into twilight. He was thinking very earnestly, and his handsome face was sad and grave. He stopped at the little gate leading into the shrubbery of Ingledon, and looked back on the darkening woods.

"The same fate," he said, softly, to himself; "how strange that our lives should be darkened so!"

He sighed wearily, lifting his hat and pushing the thick curls from his forehead. The shadow was dark on his face to-night, and his mouth was mournful in its sternness. He looked years older than his happy brother.

Walter was pacing the terrace alone, smoking a cigar. Reginald joined him.

"Enjoyed yourself, old fellow?"

"Oh, extremely!" Reginald answered, with an equivocal smile.

"George's sisters are jolly girls, Reg, especially Emily—she's a dear little thing."

"Yes," Reginald returned, with provoking dullness.

"You ought to fall in love with her. I wish you would marry, Reg, old boy, and take Castle Dean Grange off my hands."

Reginald laughed a little bitterly.

"I am too fond of my freedom to marry; and Emily Carlyn wouldn't suit me at all. Please don't develop any match-making propensities for my sake. I am thinking of going abroad, Walter."

"Going abroad—you have only just come home, Reg!" Walter exclaimed, aghast.

"George and I have been talking of it, and we have pretty nearly made up our minds to see a little more of the world as it is in Southern Europe. Poor George!"

"Is it for his sake you are going? Can't he find another companion? I can't lose you just yet, Reg, old boy."

Reginald laid his hand affectionately on his brother's shoulder.

"No, not for his sake—for my own. You know how dear Ingledon and its familiar faces are to me. By your own feelings, Walter, you can guess my love of home. But I cannot stay here now. Don't try to keep me, Walter. I shall come back happier. I must go."

An idea had dawned on Walter, gathering strength with every word of his brother's. It must be some hopeless attachment that drove him from Ingledon—he loved Lucy! The elder brother did not answer for a few moments, and then it was with difficulty he steadied his voice.

"Reginald, I won't try to keep you if you would rather go. But sleep on it—don't decide till to-morrow."

"I won't tell Joan or Alice till to-morrow. But my mind is pretty well made up. I shall go, Walter—I have promised George to bear him company."

Walter said little more—he went back into the drawing-room. Lucy was playing a waltz—the cheerful music jarred upon his feelings.

"Put on your shawl, Lucy, and come into the garden. The moon is just rising."

He fetched her scarlet shawl from the hall as he spoke, and wrapped it carefully round her. He had hardly ever felt how precious she was to him till to-night. They went into the garden. The doves were at rest, and the first beams of the rising moon silvered the folded flowers. Lucy gathered one or two with gentle fingers, and then she put her arm in his. He stopped and looked down in her face with wistful, earnest eyes.

"Lucy, do you really love me? Do you love me now as you thought you did when I placed that ring upon your hand?"

In the moonlight he could see her face grow pale, and her gray eyes darken with tears.

"Walter!"

"Tell me so. Tell me you love me to-night," he persisted.

She put up her hand timidly, and stroked his bearded face.

"I love you dearly, Walter," she said; and her simple earnestness drove all doubt from Walter's mind.

He did not tell her of the reasons for his question, or of Reginald's near departure, though the moon was far up in the sky before their voices and footsteps died away, and the garden was left in its perfumed silence.

## CHAPTER VIII.

REGINALD'S determination was received with an outcry of opposition from his sisters, but he quietly silenced all their vehement entreaties. Lucy wrote to her brother the day before that fixed for his departure:

"Reginald seems tired already of Ingledon, and yet he is so fond of



"Good-by. Take care of yourself, dear boy. Good-by."

The warning whistle sounded; Walter stepped back on the platform, and with a grave face watched the train whiz along the iron road towards Islingford. Feeling sadder than he had felt for many months, he left the station and walked homeward. It was a close, sultry day; the wind rustled in faint gusts through the woods—it was the only sound that broke the silence.

"There will be a storm to-night," said Walter, looking up at the threatening sky; and George Carlyn, looking from the carriage-window, said the same thing.

"There'll be a storm to-night, Reg; Mother Nature is in a terrible passion; look at the sky."

"She gives us fair warning, at any rate," Reginald rejoined. "There's our dear old river again, George, broadening to a noble stream. We are near Islingford; there are the cathedral towers."

"Train stops twenty minutes here, sir," said the guard, coming to the carriage-door at Islingford Station.

"Do you care to get out, Reg?" asked his friend. "No," the young soldier answered, listlessly. He leant back and closed his eyes. His head was aching still.

George walked up and down the platform, reading the great colored placards and staring idly at the motley crowd around him. Suddenly out of that crowd a voice fell upon his ear—a voice painfully familiar to him.

"That is all, porter, thank you. Across the bridge, if you say?"

It was Arthur St. John. He was coming up the platform with a slow, languid step. George went back to his friend.

"Reg, there is Arthur St. John—that thin, fair man in gray clothes."

"Hush!" Reginald laid his hand on George Carlyn's arm, as if his voice hindered the intense gaze he bent on the face of his sister's lover.

Mr. St. John passed without noticing them. He was looking terribly ill and haggard, but his face was even more handsome than ever.

"Handsome, isn't he?" said George. "Will you go and speak to him, Reginald?"

But Reginald did not answer. He had leant back again in the carriage, and his face was hidden in his hands.

"Head bad still, old fellow?" inquired his friend, kindly. "Can I get you anything?"

"No, thank you. Leave me alone for a little, George."

Mr. Carlyn walked up and down the platform again, wishing the twenty minutes were over. He had left the carriage but a little time when Reginald joined him. His face was terribly pale, but he spoke quietly enough, and his eyes had lost their heavy look of pain. They were flashing brightly.

"George, I must go back to Ingledon. You go on to London. I will join you to-morrow. Go to the Clarendon."

"My dear Reginald, what is it? What is the matter?"

"Nothing. I have forgotten something. Good-by; Jack will go on with you. I must go, George."

"Let me accompany you. We shall only lose a day."

"No, thank you; good-by. The train starts in two minutes."

He shook his friend's hand warmly, and passed down the platform. George watched him across the bridge, and caught a look of his handsome face as he turned and waved his hand. Then he disappeared.

(To be continued.)

#### THE TILTON-BEECHER TRIAL.

THE eighteenth week of the great trial proved one of the most important and exciting in the history of the case. On Monday, May 3d, Mrs. Tilton rose from her seat in the audience, holding an envelope in her hand, and addressed Judge Neilson in a low, calm voice: "Your Honor, I have a communication which I beg your Honor will read aloud, or have read aloud, before the opening of this session." She then handed the letter she held in her hand to Mr. Everts, who passed it to the Judge. He quietly read a portion of the document, and then placed it in the envelope. Turning to Mrs. Tilton, he said, "This matter will be considered deliberately." The lady resumed her seat, and the business of the Court proceeded.

The anxiety to learn the contents of the communication was very great, but the curiosity of the public was not satisfied until its publication in the newspapers of Wednesday. The letter proved to be an appeal to allow the writer (Mrs. Tilton) to testify in the case. After a careful consideration of the matter, his Honor answered, through the Clerk of the Court, in a courteous and dignified letter, refusing to grant the request.

The first witness called to the stand on Monday was Mr. Albert Berghaus, an artist, employed upon FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, who testified as to having made the sketches and drawn the pictures of the Rosset procession, in December, 1871. A copy of this newspaper was put in evidence, and the correctness of the pictures, and the intelligent statements of Mr. Berghaus, were a complete rebuttal of the witnesses for the defense, who testified as to the position of Theodore Tilton in that much-talked-of gathering.

Henry O. Fox, William Force, Lawrence S. Kane, Theodore H. Banks, James W. Stillman and Henry P. McManus were then briefly examined in relation to the same occasion.

Tuesday's session was occupied in the cross-examination of Mr. Woodruff, and in taking testimony from Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, Joseph H. Richards, John Bremer and Stephen Pearl Andrews.

At the opening of the Court on Wednesday, Mr. Andrews was again called, and continued his testimony until the hour of recess. On the reassembling of the Court, Mrs. Bradshaw was recalled. She was followed by Mr. John Wood, the former printer of *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*, who briefly testified about the original publication of the scandal.

The greatest excitement of the week was caused by the calling of Mr. Henry C. Bowen as a witness for the plaintiff. Mr. Bowen has been regarded generally by the public as the possessor of many secrets about the whole transaction, and there was a strong impression that both sides feared to summon him. His examination occupied the remaining part of Wednesday's session and most of Thursday's. He flatly contradicted some of the evidence for the defense, but his examination did not produce the anticipated explosion, and the general effect of his testimony, as far as the public was concerned, was that of extreme disappointment.

After the formal opening of the Court, on Friday, Mr. Everts announced that Messrs. Beach and Shearman were unavoidably absent, being engaged in a cause on trial in the Superior Court in New York. Judge Neilson adjourned the Court until Monday morning.

#### WAR BETWEEN PRINCETON AND RUTGERS. OVER A REVOLUTIONARY RELIC.

MANY years ago the students of Princeton College planted two cannon on the campus between Whig Hall and Clio Hall. Tradition says the guns were left by the British on their retreat from Princeton after their disastrous defeat on January 3d, 1777. Many memories of the fight cluster around the old college buildings. The eastern wall of Nassau Hall is marked with deep scars that show how gallantly the old building stood the shock of battle. The Princeton student's naturally take pride in the associations that link their college home with the heroic age of our country's history. Therefore the old relics alluded to have been tenderly cherished by the generations of students that claim Princeton as their Alma Mater.

For many years the old guns were used for firing salutes, and figured in all celebrations held in the quiet little Jersey village. In the war of 1812, when a British squadron anchored at Sandy Hook, the residents of New Brunswick became alarmed for the safety of their town, and at their request the larger cannon was taken there and mounted. But New Brunswick was not attacked, and the cannon was not used. After several requests had been made for its return, a militia company marched to New Brunswick and took the gun home. After it reached Princeton it was again used by the students and the villagers for firing salutes, and at length was buried in the college campus, about six feet of the muzzle-end sticking above the ground. Then the students practiced with the smaller gun, until its further use was prohibited by the college authorities.

After the little gun had laid around for several years longer, the Princeton Postmaster, Major Perrine, planted it for a corner-post at the intersection of two of the principal streets, and there it stood until one dark night, nearly twenty years ago, when the students turned out in force, dug it up, and buried it beside the other in the college campus.

The cannons then became the rallying-point where the students gathered to perform the mystic rites so dear to collegians. The Princeton scholars went to boast of the possession of these cherished relics, and to taunt New Brunswick on its inability to retain possession of the one that was for so long a time in that town. The students of Rutgers College felt aggrieved at the boast of Princeton, and a bitter feeling about the guns grew up between the colleges. The New Brunswickers deny the claim of Princeton to one of the cannon. There is a tradition at Rutgers that a certain gun was stolen from that college in 1859 by a party of Princeton students, and many projects have been discussed looking to the recovery of the lost treasure.

The interest now taken in all that pertains to our Revolutionary struggle has no doubt revived the feeling on this disputed subject, and some of the students of Rutgers resolved to capture the gun in dispute. At nine o'clock on Monday night, April 29th, a committee of nine, belonging to the Scientific Class of '77, left Rutgers with a wagon, carrying spades, shovels, crowbars and a stout rope. The party reached Princeton about one o'clock. They immediately proceeded to the spot where the cannon were buried, and, after an hour's hard work, succeeded in digging up the smallest gun, weighing over 1,000 pounds, and carrying it off. On the return of the expedition to Rutgers, the cannon was deposited at the college-door, and the adventurers were warmly received by their fellow-students.

When the loss of the cannon was discovered, it caused the wildest excitement among the students of Princeton, and the officers of the college had great difficulty in restraining the indignant scholars from marching in a body to attempt the recapture of the trophy. The citizens of the two towns have also become deeply interested in the contest, and charges and counter-charges and threats and menaces have been freely bandied between the angry disputants. The subject has involved even the learned presidents of the two colleges in a correspondence, which, although couched in the choicest and most dignified language, shows that the Faculty of each institution shares the enthusiasm of the undergraduates. The disputed trophy has been sequestered, and the capture of the gun bids fair to lead to litigation, and perhaps to serious results.

#### TICONDEROGA, MAY 10TH, 1775.

THE centennial anniversary of the capture of Ticonderoga was duly celebrated last Monday, and everybody called to mind the scenes of that bloodless but decisive victory. Our illustration depicts Ethan Allen in the act of giving to Captain Delaplace, the commandant of the garrison, the ever-memorable order to surrender. After the Green Mountain Boys, with Allen at their head and Arnold at his side, had marched quickly and stealthily up the height to the Sally-port, and put one sentinel to flight, while a blow from Allen's sword rushed into the parade within the barracks, the troops rushed into the parade within the barracks. They gave a tremendous shout, and filing off into two divisions, formed a line of forty men each, along the southwestern and northeastern range of barracks. "The aroused garrison," says Lossing, "leaped from their pallets, seized their arms, and rushed for the parade, but only to be made prisoners by the intrepid New Englanders. At the same moment Allen, with young Benner at his elbow as guide, ascended the steps to the door of the quarters of Captain Delaplace, the commandant of the garrison, and, giving three loud raps with the hilt of his sword, with a voice of peculiar power, ordered him to appear, or the whole garrison should be sacrificed. It was about four o'clock in the morning. The loud shout of the invaders had awakened the captain and his wife, both of whom sprang to the door just as Allen made his strange demand. Delaplace appeared in shirt and drawers, with the frightened face of his pretty wife peering over his shoulder. He and Allen had been old friends, and, upon recognition, the Captain assumed boldness, and authoritatively demanded his disturber's errand. Allen pointed to his men and sternly exclaimed: 'I order you instantly to surrender.' 'By what authority do you demand it?' said Delaplace. 'In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!' thundered Allen, and raising his sword over the head of the Captain, who was about to speak, ordered him to be silent and surrender immediately. There was no alternative. Delaplace had about as much respect for the 'Continental Congress' as Allen had for 'Jehovah,' and they respectively relied upon fear and powder and ball more than either. In fact, the Continental Congress was but a shadow, for it did not meet for organization until six hours afterwards, and its 'authority' was yet scarcely acknowledged even by the patriots in the field. But Delaplace ordered his troops to parade without arms, the garrison of forty-eight men were surrendered prisoners of war, and, with the women and children, were sent to Hartford, Conn. The spoils

were one hundred and twenty pieces of iron cannon, fifty swivels, two ten-inch mortars, one howitzer, one cohorn, ten tons of musket-balls, three cart-loads of flints, thirty new carriages, a considerable quantity of shells, a warehouse full of material for boat-building, one hundred stand of small arms, ten casks of poor powder, two brass cannon, thirty barrels of flour, eighteen barrels of pork, and some beans and peas. Warner crossed the lake with the rear division, and marched up to the fort just after the surrender was made. As soon as the prisoners were secured and all had breakfasted, he was sent off with a detachment of men in boats to take Crown Point, but a strong head wind drove them back, and they slept that night at Ticonderoga. Another, and successful, attempt was made on the 12th, and both fortresses fell into the hands of the patriots without bloodshed." In addition to our illustration of the capture of Ticonderoga, we give a view of the picturesque ruins of the old fort.

#### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A LETTER FROM DR. OSKAR LENZ, dated Adollinalonga, on the Ogowe, which falls into Nazareth Bay, near Cape Lopez, just under the equator, gives a brief account of some short excursions he made last Autumn in the districts on the lower course of that river. The scenery, natives, fauna and flora are characteristically Central African, and Dr. Lenz has been able to make considerable collections, including a large number of gorilla skulls.

DR. GUSTAV LEIPOLDT, in a recently published work on the "Mean Height of Europe," after an elaborate calculation founded on a broad basis of measurement, concludes that it is 296.838 metres, 92 metres higher than the calculation of A. Von Humboldt, who indeed made out the average altitude of all the land on the earth to be about 308 metres. The mean height of Switzerland, Leipoldt makes to be 1,299.91 metres, while that of the Netherlands is only 9.61 metres. That of Great Britain is 217.76.

A DISEASE IN THE COFFEE PLANT has lately been discovered in Ceylon, which threatens scarcity of this product unless speedily checked. It is called "leaf disease," and, as its name implies, is principally apparent in the dearth of foliage, though the produce of the berries is also considerably reduced. It is believed by competent authorities to be mainly caused by exhaustion; and is, in this respect, similar to the disease among the lemon-groves of Europe. The Government of Ceylon have taken up the subject with a view to its thorough investigation.

M. WALLON is the Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy of Inscriptions, as well as Minister for Public Instruction. He had to read over a number of letters written to him, the Perpetual Secretary, by himself, the Minister; and his colleagues were struck with the serious way in which he performed his duties as secretary. One of them, M. de Sauley, having asked the Academy to send two learned men on a mission to some place, said to M. Wallon: "If M. le Secretary is good enough only to speak a few words to M. le Minister, I am perfectly certain the Minister will find no objection to my proposition."

A MALADY which threatens great loss to owners of lemon plantations has attacked the lemon-plant, the origin of which is believed to be the forced cultivation of the fruit, which has taken place during the last few years. The lemon-plant is very hardy, and infinitely easier to cultivate than the orange and this fact has probably induced a certain amount of carelessness in its treatment, from which growers are now suffering. The disease which has now made its appearance is called *la secheresse*, or dry-rot, and seizes the extremities of the plant, sometimes the roots, sometimes the branches, whence it gradually spreads through the whole tree, drying up its sap in its course. It is suggested that by grafting cuttings of the healthy lemon-plant on the wild orange-tree, a new stock of plants may be obtained, and the fruit cultivated on trees which have not been subjected to forced growth.

IT HAS BEEN SUGGESTED that brimstone should be carried on board every ship for use in case of fire. Half a hundredweight (thirty kilos) of brimstone would be sufficient to abstract the whole of the oxygen from 100 cubic metres of air, thus rendering it unfitted to support combustion. In a closed space, like a ship's hold, the sulphurous gas produced by the burning of the brimstone would penetrate where water from the decks could not be brought to bear, and the density of the gas would prevent its rising or spreading if care were taken to close the hatches carefully with wet sails, etc. It is suggested that the brimstone should be made up in the form of large scuttles, the ends of which could be passed through scuttles prepared for them in the decks or bulkheads in case of need. It is asserted that twenty to twenty-five francs worth of brimstone would be sufficient to stifle and annihilate all traces of combustion in an air-space of 1,000 cubic metres capacity.

THE SCIENTIFIC REPORT of the Austro-Hungarian North Pole Expedition of 1872-74 is replete with interesting statements. Clouds are naturally of a different character from those seen at home; nimbus and cumulus are never seen. The form of cloud is either that of uniform melancholy gray of an elevated fog, or cirrus; the latter consists of round but undefined masses of fog at but a small elevation, therefore somewhat different from the cirrus of the temperate zone. Instead of clouds, fogs are prevalent, now higher, now lower, and twenty-four hours of clear weather rarely occur during the summer; generally the sun is seen for a few hours, then to disappear again behind the thick fogs. Melancholy and depressing as the effect of these eternal fogs may be, they are nevertheless necessary for the general conditions of the ice; they form the binding media for the heat of the sun's rays, and melt more ice than the direct rays. During their drift the explorers made good use of the dredging net; it was generally kept on the bottom during half a day, and thus areas of several miles of sediment were examined. The collection obtained in this way no doubt completely represents the fauna on the bottom of the sea which the explorers visited. At places animal life was so plentiful that the net came to the surface completely filled. Crustaceans were particularly plentiful; unfortunately, the larger specimens remained in the ship, as they could not be transported. Dr. Kepes has handed the valuable collection to the Imperial Academy of Sciences (Vienna), and specialists are now busily engaged upon it. Higher animal life is rather limited in those regions; the principal representatives are the polar bear and the seal, the former in such numbers that the explorers could never leave the ship without weapons. The walrus was only seen once, not far from Franz-Joseph's Land, although the explorers often passed over good walrus-ground. Of whales they only saw one species in the vicinity of coasts, where it was very frequent. Birds were very numerous near the land, but the further the ship drifted away the scarcer they became, and during the last part of the explorers' retreat in the ice the appearance of a bird was a rare phenomenon. With regard to the means to reach the highest latitude, the camp of explorers is divided into two; some are in favor of ships, others expect everything from sledges. As long as it is the principal object of an expedition to reach higher latitudes, sledges are doubtless preferable; but, when higher results are aimed at, only ships can give the necessary basis to work upon.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

JOHN MITCHELL left an estate valued at \$7500.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL FERRISSPORT is a philo-Cuban; in all that the word implies.

GENERAL FRANK BLAIR is recovering rapidly since undergoing the transfusion of blood.

VICTOR HUGO has taken up his residence at Goernsey, to complete his work on the "French and the Germans."

MR. CHARLES BRADLAUGH will return to the United States in the Fall, with a new lecture on the "Labor Question in the Old and New Worlds."

THE Rev. Adirondack Murray, late of Park Street, Boston, is in a fair way of procuring a church edifice constructed upon his own original plans.

THE Rev. Dr. Hall received from Robert Bonner a check for \$100,000 towards defraying the expense of the new Presbyterian Church on Fifth Avenue.

FROM the time of Dr. Livingstone's funeral a wreath of beautiful flowers has been placed weekly upon his tomb in Westminster Abbey by some unknown hand.

TWENTY-THREE men in a Turkish monastery have not seen a woman since early childhood. How can Victor Hugo, Jules Verne, Walt Whitman or Offenbach longer remain in their studios?

M. ERNEST BLUM, the author of "Rose Michel," is described as a jolly gentleman, between thirty and forty years of age, with a very bald head and a very full, reddish-brown beard. He holds a position on Victor Hugo's newspaper, *Le Rappel*.

THERE is a very touching clause in the will of the late Mrs. Fred Conway. She left \$20,000 to her three children, stipulating that they should dwell together until the boy Frederick became of age, and that Minnie should be the mother of the little family.

VICTOR HUGO has enjoyed literary celebrity for thirty years, and he has realized by his pen upwards of \$600,000. The "Hunchback of Notre Dame" printed before he was thirty, yielded him 40,000 francs, and "Les Misérables," issued thirty years later, 500,000 francs.

WE can scarcely credit the report that Señor Castelar has accepted from King Alfonso an ex-ministerial pension equal to \$1,500 per year. He is a sturdy Republican, and only resigned his professorship because he deemed the policy of the King obstructive to a practical scheme of education.

M. EUGENE PEREIRE, the Paris banker, whose grandfather invented the system by which deaf mutes are taught to speak and to understand from the movement of the lips, has just announced that a school of instruction, to be supported by his family, will be opened in Paris in August.

THE Duke d'Osuna, reputed to be the most powerful and the haughtiest nobleman in Spain, has one palace devoted to the occupancy of the serants who have grown gray in his service. This grandee is noted as the man who respectfully declined an alliance with Eugénie de Montijo, afterwards Empress of France.

SINCE the Prince of Wales has decided to go to India, the principal papers of London are arranging to send correspondents with him. Forbes will represent the *News*; Sala, the *Telegraph*; Dr. Russell, the *Times*; and Henty, the *Standard*. The Prince will stand a poor chance for one of his accustomed frolics, with these bees about his bonnet.

BRIGHAM YOUNG evidently does not believe in compulsory education. He is opposed to free schools, pointing to the prisons, gambling-shops and other dens of infamy for the results of educating children. The little ones he thinks should be taught by, or under the care of, their parents; and then he astonishes the world by adding that parents should labor and pay for that education.

THE Pope is about the luckiest of us all. Besides his enormous revenue from Peter's Pence, he is continually receiving contributions from the faithful who sorrow at the abridgment of his authority. A marchioness of Genoa has set aside two-thirds of her fabulous wealth, semi-annual installments of 50,000 francs to be paid to the Pope as long as he is confined in the Vatican.

SARDOU and OFFENBACH have completed another new opera entitled, "Don Quichotte," which will be a decided novelty when presented at Paris. Among the many wonderful things which are to be introduced into "Don Quichotte" is a flock of sheep, which, browsing and bleating in the meadows, are to be cloven by the trusty sword of the Knight of La Mancha. These sheep which have already arrived into "property," are said to be marvels of mechanism.

EX-SENATOR PRATT, the new Commissioner of Internal Revenue, is a native of Maine, and removed to Indiana in 1832, where, for a time, he supported himself by teaching school. Going to Indianapolis, he entered the office of the Secretary of State, and devoted all his energies to the study of law. In 1836 he settled at Logansport, and was admitted to the Bar. He was elected a member of the Legislature in 1851 and 1853, and in 1868 was elected to the Forty-first Congress, but before taking his seat he entered the contest for Mr. Hendricks's seat in the United States Senate, and gained it. He will be sixty-two years of age in October.

THERE is a very old romance about the Pitti Palace, where the King of Italy lives when in Florence. When one of the warrior dukes of that section had completed for himself a vast residence, his enemy declared he would erect another, in the courtyard of which he could place that of his rival. Hence the Pitti. These men built to defy time. They had to live sternly and strongly, for they were much at war. Floors of stone, thick walls laid in deep, broad foundations, high, sweeping saloons, granite stairs, windows iron-barred; but the inner space hung in costly tapestry and pictures, and populous, so to speak, with statuary. You pass through long galleries of these treasures, and look out upon gardens and bridges, and on other palaces and temples, great streets and narrow alleys.

WHAT is a Pantarch? Don't know. But this is what a Pantarch is capable of doing: He introduces phonography; goes into new and somewhat rare scientific and philosophical investigations, being efforts towards social construction; prepares treatises on the law of entail, as well as individuality and the sovereignty of the individual, as social solutions; writes two or three volumes on universalism—one, "a book as large as the Bible, a book of 900 pages, which very few people read"; employs a portion of his time in formulating a new universal language "which grows by logical sequence, out of the science of universalism"; tries to assist a man in buying out an entire State for the purpose of liberating all its slaves; cultivates a lively attack of brain fever; has himself "immediately brought into consultation with Lord Aberdeen and the other members of the British Government of that day"; loves to associate with sociologists; prepares a work on the Chinese language that is reviewed in Germany and is used on the coast of China for instruction in the Chinese language; sometimes writes for the *Golden Age*; the introductory part of the scandal article, the close, the literary cast and the philosophic cast show his marks, perhaps; and he knows that there are all sorts of approximations to the state of complete trance in which mediumistic persons live, as it were, in a double world—a dreamy kind of existence. All this is a Pantarch, and it is true, because it was sworn to over the river.





A. P. SPRAGUE, PRIZE ESSAYIST ON INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SCHOONMAKER & BURGESS.

A. P. SPRAGUE,  
AUTHOR OF PRIZE ESSAY ON INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

MR. A. P. SPRAGUE, a young American lawyer, residing in Troy, N. Y., has lately been the recipient of an unusual honor. In August, 1873, Señor Don Arturo de Marcarin, ex-deputy to the Cortes in Spain, offered the sum of £300 for the best essay on the following subject: "In what way ought an International Assembly to be constituted for the formation of a code of public International Law, and what ought to be the leading principles on which such a code should be formed?" The competitors were to send in their essays on or before the 1st of June, 1874. The adjudicators, who were to be appointed by the Executive Committee of the British Social Science Association, were to have power to give one prize of £300, or two prizes, one of £200, and one of £100. The donor was to be entitled to the copyright. Mr. Sprague accordingly prepared and submitted an essay on the subject named. He has been notified by Dr. C. W. Ryalls, General Secretary of the British Social Science Association, that the first prize of £200 had been awarded to him, and that the second prize of £100 had been awarded to Paul La Combe. The importance of this award cannot well be over-estimated, as the contest was open to all the world, and the subject treated is one which claims the attention of the leading minds of Europe and America. The prize will be presented at the Annual Congress of the British Social Science Association, at Brighton, England, in October next. Mr. Sprague will go to Europe to receive it.

Mr. Sprague was born at East Fishkill, Dutchess County, N. Y., August 27th, 1847. He graduated at Madison University in 1868, where he received the senior prize in oratory, and was valedictorian of his Class. He studied law, and was admitted to the Bar in 1871.

He has been a contributor to the quarterly reviews, and has written some articles which have attracted marked attention—notably the articles on the "Decline of Poetry" and the "Material Hypothesis of the Soul," in the *National Quarterly Review*. He has also been an associate-editor of the *Albany Law Journal* for the past two years, and has rendered valuable assistance in the preparation of several law-books. His recent pamphlet on the "New Science of Law" has received many high compliments, particularly from Count Sclopis, President of the Geneva Court of Arbitration which decided the *Alabama* claims. Mr. Sprague is a gentleman of scholarly tastes, and



NEW SYSTEM OF PROPELLING BOATS.—SIDE VIEW OF A SEA-HORSE, SHOWING DORSAL UNDULATING FIN.

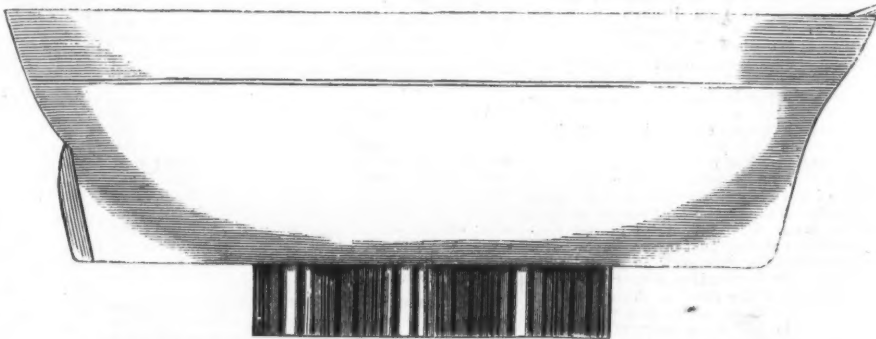
has already been excited by the experimental success of the idea.

The pipe-fish and sea-horse generally maintain a nearly erect attitude, supporting themselves in the

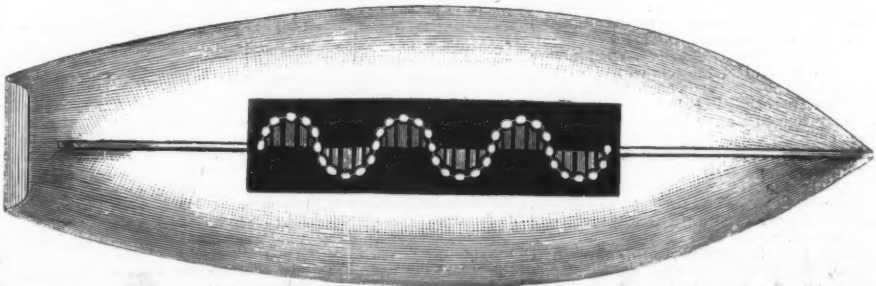
of this gifted young lawyer, who has won honor not only for himself but for his country.

#### A MARINE MOTOR.

THE peculiar mechanism of the dorsal fin of the pipe-fish and sea-horse, which is also known to be present in the electric eel, has been adopted as a basis for a system of boat propulsion. Mr. C. Becker, of the firm of Messrs. Elliott & Co., of London, has constructed a boat upon this principle, and much interest



NEW SYSTEM OF PROPELLING BOATS.—SIDE VIEW OF BOAT WITH UNDULATING PROPELLER.



NEW SYSTEM OF PROPELLING BOATS.—BOTTOM VIEW OF BOAT, SHOWING APICES OF RODS FORMING PROPELLER.

possesses extensive attainments in literature and philosophy as well as in law. It affords us great pleasure to present herewith an admirable likeness

water by an undulating movement of the dorsal fin, the action being somewhat similar to that of a screw-propeller.

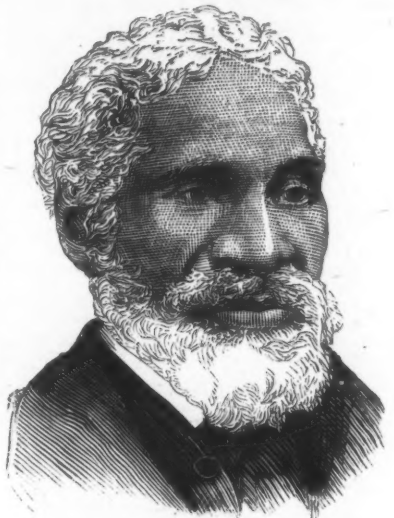
It is not difficult to imitate artificially the fin of the above-mentioned fish. A series of rods hinged near their middle on a single axis will evidently represent at one end any movements given to them at the other. Therefore, if they are made to come in contact at one extremity with the side of a screw which is placed perpendicular to their direction and at the same time is provided with projecting disks at right angles to its axis, one between every two rods, to keep them in place, the opposite tips will form an undulating curve, just in the same way that the ivory balls in the eccentric apparatus so frequently employed by lecturers on experimental physics, are made to represent the undulations of the atoms of the luminiferous ether in the production of light. Like this apparatus also, if the screw be made to rotate, an undulation will travel along the rods, which is exactly similar to that observed in the fin of the sea-horse.

In the artificial fin there are just three complete undulations, with eight rods in each semi-undulation, forty-eight in all. Between the rods the membranous portion of the fish's fin is represented by oil-silk. The rods and the other portions of the driving-gear are so arranged that the former project, with their undulating ends and the oil-silk, in the middle of the boat, along the line of the keel. They form what may be termed a median ventral fin. The undulations are very complete, the curves being true semicircles. In the different species of sea-horses and pipe-fish the number of spines in the dorsal fin differ, being twenty or nineteen in *Hippocampus antiquorum*, thirty-seven in a most eccentric-looking species described by Dr. Günther, and named by him *Phyllopetryx eques*, and about forty in the great pipe-fish (*Syngnathus acus*). In illustration of the amount of force expended in the working of its propeller, it may be mentioned that Professor Lankester finds that it is only in the above-described muscles, by which it is moved, and in no other part of the body, that the red-coloring hemoglobin is to be detected.

This is the first attempt at imitating the motion of the fish, and the experiments proved it to be practicable for slow-going vessels. The interest manifested in the enterprise will probably carry it to greater perfection.

#### THE POTATO BEETLE.

THIS pest of the farm, which has been introduced into Europe by the importation of potatoes from the United States, was discovered about 1823, on the banks of the Upper Missouri, towards the foot of the Rocky Mountains. In 1859 the beetle reached Omaha, and two years later it appeared in Iowa, where for three years it did great damage to the crops. In 1864-5 it crossed the Mississippi and invaded Illinois, destroying immense patches of potatoes in the northwestern portion of the State. During these years it also settled pretty generally in Missouri, and made a reconnaissance in Wisconsin. In the latter State it found such a fruitful field, that by 1866 it occupied the entire State. From Illinois it migrated into In-



MRS. STOWE'S "UNCLE TOM."—ONE OF THE CLAIMANTS.—SEE PAGE 178.

diana, Michigan and Pennsylvania, reaching the Quaker State in 1871. About the same time it began its ravages in Ohio, Minnesota, Dakota, Kentucky, West Virginia and Canada.

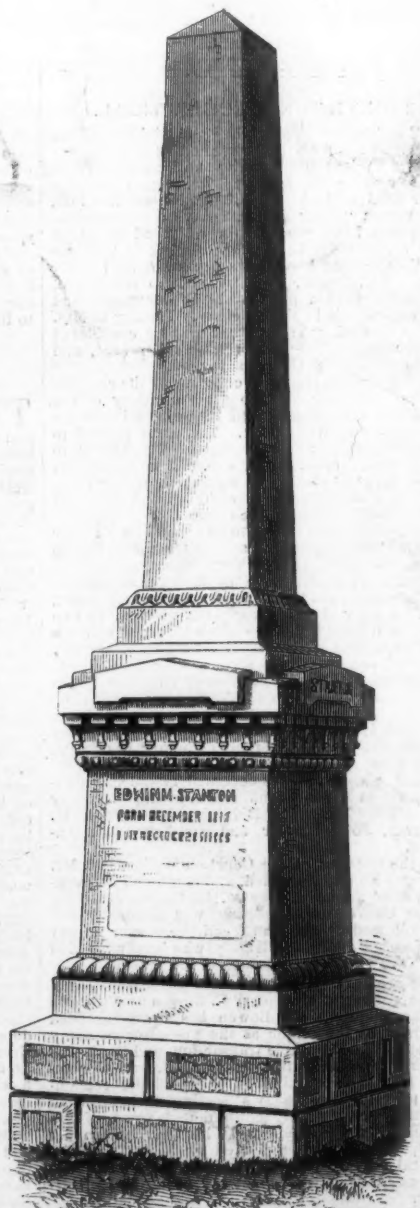
Its advance was estimated at the rate of sixty miles per year; but between 1871 and 1873 it had passed over nearly 300 miles of country. Its direction was, in the main, easterly, and the advance was more rapid in the Northern than in the Southern districts. The reason alleged for this feature is that the bug, being essentially an Alpine species, thrives best, and therefore spreads most rapidly, in the cooler northern region.

The beetle which has inflicted so much damage and caused so much alarm in the United States is by no means a formidable animal to look upon. It is a beetle of the tribe of Phytophaga, or plant-eaters, and of the family Chrysomelide, all the members of which are of small or moderate size, of a rounded, ovate, or oblong convex form, with the head short and deeply sunk in the next segment (prothorax), the antennae generally threadlike or beaded, and only of moderate length, and the tarsi (feet) with only four apparent joints. The perfect beetle measures from two-fifths to half an inch in length, is of an oblong-ovate form, and of a tawny or yellowish cream color, adorned with numerous black spots and stripes.

The species appears to be pretty generally diffused in the Rocky Mountains, from the eastern slope of which it has invaded the cultivated regions by the course already described. Although found in the Colorado territory, it is by no means peculiar to that district, and the name of "Colorado potato-bug," commonly given to it, does not indicate



THE POTATO-BEETLE.



MONUMENT TO THE LATE HON. EDWIN M. STANTON, SECRETARY OF WAR, ERECTED IN OAK HILL CEMETERY, NEAR WASHINGTON, D. C.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY REIM BROS., WASHINGTON, D. C.



the locality from which it set out on its eastward journey.

If the birds have been inclined to fight shy of the Western beetle, it has met with an abundance of insect foes in the course of its invasion. Among those which have rendered themselves prominent in this warfare, several species of lady-birds devour the eggs of the beetle; a tiger-beetle and several Carabidae eat the larvæ; a wasp carries them off to its nest to furnish provisions for its young; an Asilid fly pierces the larvæ with its beak and sucks out the juices; whilst a Tachinid fly attacks them by the insidious method of parasitism, depositing an egg upon the surface of the larvæ, generally near the head, the young parasite produced from which burrows into the body of the victim and feeds upon its substance, not destroying it, however, until after it has descended to the ground when full grown.

#### THE STANTON MONUMENT.

VERY simple indeed is the marble obelisk that marks the spot in Oak Hill Cemetery, near Washington, where the remains of the great War Secretary were committed to Mother Earth. For a long time the grave was rendered noticeable only by the mass of ever-fresh flowers that covered the mound. Now, however, a massive block, fit emblem of his strongest characteristic, rises over the head, and exhibiting no panegyrics, no martial trophies, nothing save the humble inscription:

EDWIN M. STANTON.  
Born December 19th, 1814.  
Died December 24th, 1869.

It has been surprising that the State of Ohio has not long since taken steps to procure a marble or bronze statue of him as one of its two contributions to the National Gallery of Statuary. The shaft we now illustrate is the only tribute of its kind yet paid his memory, and this was erected in a quiet manner by his family.

#### SAMUEL R. WELLS.

##### BIOGRAPHY AND OBITUARY.

MR. WELLS was born in West Hartford, Conn., April 4th, 1820. While a boy, his father removed his family to the then almost unbroken wilderness of Northwestern New York, settling on a farm at Little Soda Bay, on the shore of Lake Ontario, now called Fair Haven. Here young Wells aided his father to clear up the homestead, which was his own property at the time of his death. He early manifested a taste for acquiring knowledge, and especially manifested a disposition to study the great questions underlying social order and the well-being of his fellow-men. He had while at home but limited opportunities for school education. Disregarding his inclinations and expressed wishes on the question of a life pursuit, his father determined that he should learn a trade. He was accordingly apprenticed to a tanner and currier, and faithfully served out his time, learning all that he could about the business from his employer. Determining to become a workman of the



THE LATE S. R. WELLS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.

first rank, he came East, and for a time worked in some of the best shops, paying better workmen than himself for special instruction, until he stood second in skill to no man, and received the highest

wages. He was noted for industry, temperance, and personal popularity, and always commanded the entire confidence and esteem of his employers and associates.

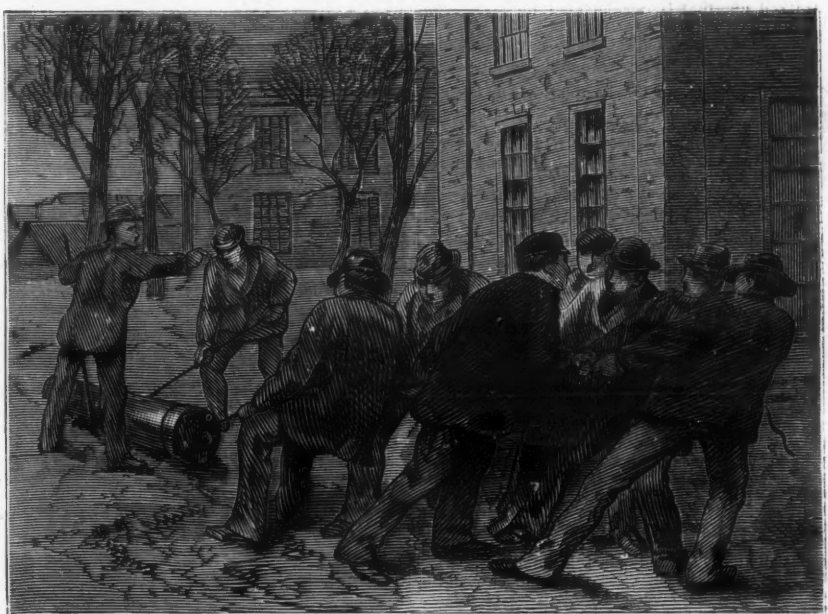
Having saved a few hundred dollars, in 1843 he had decided to enter the Medical Department at Yale College, and had made good progress in preparatory study, when he heard that the Fowler Brothers, phrenologists, were in Boston, delivering a course of lectures on that subject, and determined to go there and hear them for himself on the then novel science. His mind became so absorbed with this new subject, that he became a student of the Fowlers, taking daily lessons. In 1844 he formed a copartnership with them, and entered their office in Nassau Street, New York. He here began to organize the publishing business, taking charge of the professional department of the office during the absence of his associates on lecturing tours.

The *Phrenological Journal*, now so widely known as the representative exponent of phrenological science, was started by O. S. and L. N. Fowler in 1838. Mr. Wells conducted the publication of the *Journal* and book department under the name of Fowler & Wells, now known all over the world. About this time he married Miss Charlotte Fowler, a sister of his partner, who had been identified with the establishment from 1837, and has ever since been connected with the office, giving her time and thought to the cause. Under Mr. Wells's management the catalogue of phrenological publications has become very extensive, and the collection of specimens—skulls, busts, casts and portraits of eminent statesmen, scholars, benefactors, thieves, murderers, maniacs, idiots, and some remarkable abnormal craniological examples—forms one of the most interesting historic and scientific accumulations to be found in the world. In 1854 Mr. O. S. Fowler retired from the firm, and in 1860 Mr. Wells, and his remaining partner, L. N. Fowler, after making the tour of the United States and British Provinces, lecturing in all the principal places, visited England, Scotland and Ireland, in the same manner lecturing in all the principal towns and cities of the Three Kingdoms, Mr. Fowler remaining permanently in England. On his return to the United States, Mr. Wells gave the results of his experience to the world in his *Phrenological Journal*, and in several illustrated works, among which are, "The New Physiognomy"; "How to Read Character"; and "Wedlock; or, The Right Relation of the Sexes." At the time of his death Mr. Wells was the sole proprietor of the phrenological establishment which is now located at No. 737 Broadway, opposite Astor Place. During the excitement, overwork, exposure and exhaustion incident to the removal from the old headquarters, Mr. Wells took cold. Pneumonia supervened. He was prostrated on the 2d and died on the 13th of April, 1875, aged fifty-five years and nine days. The establishment will continue under the guidance of Mrs. Wells, Mr. Nelson Sizer, H. S. Drayton, Albert Turner and Russell Wells, the experienced heads of departments and their assistants, the same as in the past.

Samuel R. Wells was one of the purest men we have ever known, and was a remarkable example of the practical application and illustration of the value of the lessons which he taught. Many a poor boy now on the high road to fortune and fame will remember Mr. Wells as an early adviser, benefactor and friend.



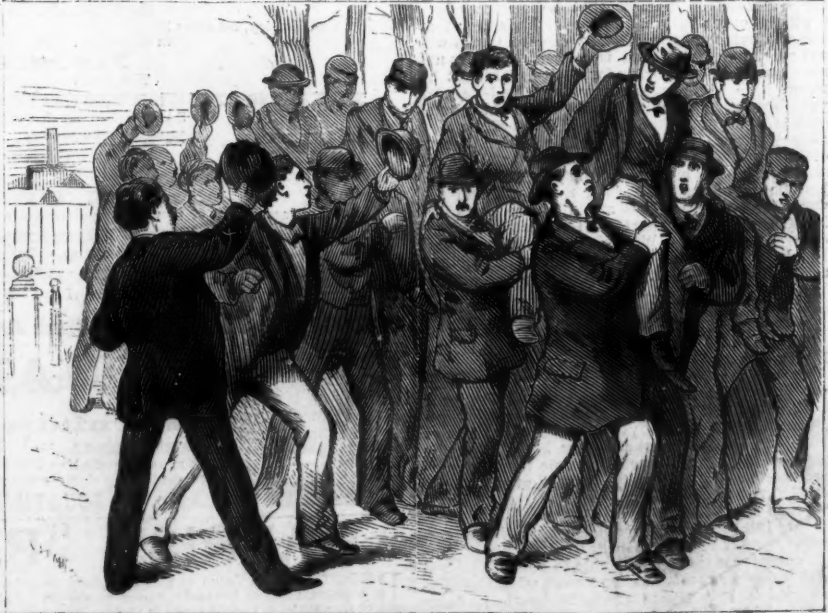
THE COMMITTEE OF STUDENTS FROM RUTGERS COLLEGE DIGGING OUT A CANNON IN THE CAMPUS OF PRINCETON COLLEGE.



DRAGGING THE CANNON ACROSS THE CAMPUS.



LIFTING THE CANNON INTO A WAGON.



JUBILANT RECEPTION OF THE COMMITTEE BY THEIR FELLOW-STUDENTS OF RUTGERS COLLEGE.

NEW JERSEY.—WAR BETWEEN RUTGERS AND PRINCETON COLLEGES OVER A REVOLUTIONARY RELIC.—FROM SKETCHES BY HARRY OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 175.



# THE "UNCLE TOM" CONTROVERSY. ONE OF THE CLAIMANTS.

THE original of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom" appears to be about as difficult to find as the author of "Beautiful Snow." There are two claimants, or, rather, there were, for one died nearly twenty years ago. The first is Joseph Henson, a resident of Dawn, Canada West; the second was Tom McGruder, who lived near Indianapolis, Ind. The interest in the controversy is increased by the appearance of an aged negro in the New England States who is going about under the name of "Uncle Tom," trying to collect \$600 to remove a mortgage from a little piece of property.

It is pretty clearly established that the Indiana Tom is the subject of Mrs. Stowe's character. His son is still living, as also his daughter Louisa. The family lived near the old home of Henry Ward Beecher, and both the son and daughter give with great detail the particulars of the Beecher family at that time, mentioning the frequent visits of Mrs. Stowe with her brother to "Uncle Tom's" cabin, and the fact that the laundry-work of the family was done by the daughter Louisa. This Uncle Tom was the slave of the Hon. Thomas Noble, of Virginia, and was freed by the last will of his master. A son of the Governor took the family to Indiana, and settled them in a cabin on his farm, the site of the lowly building being the present corner of Noble and Market Streets, Indianapolis. According to Moses' testimony, his father, "Uncle Tom," was 116 years old when he died, about twenty years ago. Tom was married twice, and had a couple of score of children, three of whom are still living, and the recipients of much attention from the Noble family, so there is no necessity for any of them to make a begging tour of the country. Our engraving is that of the claimant who is hunting the \$600.

Dr. Deems' card to Dr. Lighthill, of No. 112 Fifth Avenue, derives its importance and value more from the fact of its being a voluntary acknowledgment of superior professional skill than from the circumstance of its emanation from one occupying an exalted ministerial position. But even Dr. Deems' testimony constitutes but a tithe of that, from equally eminent sources, conceding Dr. Lighthill's successful practice in cases of Catarrh, Deafness, Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, and functional derangements of the nervous organism, and commending him to the confidence and patronage of the public.

## REAL AND FALSE HAIR.

THE peasant-girls of Brittany and Auvergne have to deplore a diminution in the market-price of their capillary adornments. Since the fatal year 1870 female hair has gone down in that French market, of which the high priests are the *coiffeurs* of Paris. In 1873 feminine hair was exported according to the inexorable Custom House returns at 95fr. per kilo., equal to a fraction more than two lbs. av.; but previous to the war the price was considerably higher. It is worthy of remark that this peculiar article of commerce has risen rapidly since 1852, during which year girl's hair was purchased at 20fr. per kilo. In 1866 the price had doubled, having advanced to 40fr.; in 1870 the price was 70fr. At the commencement of 1870, before the outbreak of the Franco-German war, female hair worked up, that is, manipulated by the *coiffeur*, was valued at 125fr. to 160fr. per kilo. wholesale price. Of course, ladies had to pay considerably above these prices. Capillary luxuriance of a blonde description, clear and pure, was frequently sold at 2,000fr. per kilo. to the feminine consumer. Imagine the simplicity of a youth asking for a lock of his partner's hair during the excitement of a merry waltz. He could not possibly have the slightest idea that he was really asking for twenty dollars. One of the reasons for the decline in the trade of late years has been the extensive manufacture of imitation feminine hair from wool, silk, etc., which, when worked up, is warranted to deceive the most practiced eye. If the result of the competition of false hair with false hair could persuade the sisterhood who have condescended to live with us in the same planet to be content with their natural advantages, mankind would be the gainers, although hairdressers would certainly be losers.

## BLOOD DISEASES.

The blood being the source from which our systems are built up and from which we derive our mental as well as physical capabilities, how important that it should be kept pure. If it contains vile festering poisons, all organic functions are weakened thereby. Settling upon important organs, as the lungs, liver or kidneys, the effect is most disastrous. Hence it behooves every one to keep their blood in a perfectly healthy condition, and more especially does this apply at this particular season of the year than at any other. No matter what the exciting cause may be, the real cause of a large proportion of all diseases is bad blood. Now, Dr. Pierce does not wish to place his Golden Medical Discovery in the catalogue of quack patent nostrums by recommending it to cure every disease, nor does he so recommend it; on the contrary, there are hundreds of diseases that he acknowledges it will not cure; but what he does claim is this: that there is but one form of blood disease that it will not cure, and that disease is cancer. He does not recommend his Discovery for that disease, yet he knows it to be the most searching blood-cleanser yet discovered, and that it will free the blood and system of all other known blood poisons, be they animal, vegetable or mineral. The Golden Discovery is warranted by him to cure the worst forms of Skin Diseases, as all forms of Blotches, Pimples and Eruptions; also all Glandular Swellings, and the worst form of Scrofulous and Ulcerated Sores of Neck, Legs or other parts, and all Scrofulous Diseases of the Bones, as White Swellings, Fever Sores, Hip Joint and Spinal Diseases, all of which belong to Scrofulous Diseases.

## CONFIRMED—HIP JOINT DISEASE CURED.

W. GROVE STATION, ILL., July 14th, 1872.

DR. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:  
DEAR SIR: My wife first became lame nine years ago. Swellings would appear and disappear on her hip, and she was gradually becoming reduced, and her whole system rotten with disease. In 1871 a swelling broke on her hip, discharging large quantities, and since that time there are several openings; have had five doctors, at an expense of \$125, who say nothing will do any good but a surgical operation.

July 16th, 1873 he writes thus: My wife has certainly received a great benefit from the use of your Discovery, for she was not able to get off the bed and was not expected to live a week when she commenced using it, a year ago. She has been doing most of her work for over six months; has used twenty bottles, and still using it. Her recovery is considered as almost a miracle, and we attribute

it all to the use of your valuable medicine. I can cheerfully recommend it as a blood-purifier and strength-restorer.  
J. M. ROBINSON.  
Discovery is sold by druggists.

EVERY LADY HER OWN DRESSMAKER.—A Spring Catalogue showing everything new and desirable for the wear of Ladies, Misses and Children will be sent free on receipt of a three-cent stamp. The handsomest fashion-plate in the market is now ready, and will be mailed to any address for 50 cts., in black, or \$1 if colored. Every second week there is now published in FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S JOURNAL the design of some stylish garment, the pattern of which can be procured at address as below, on receipt of 25 cents: Owing to the recent change in postal rates, we have been obliged to raise the prices of complete Catalogues so as to cover the expense of postage; they can now be procured at any of our agencies, or at 298 Broadway: 50 Cents in paper covers, or 75 cents in cloth. Address all orders for any of the above, "FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S JOURNAL CUT PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT," 298 Broadway, New York City.

## A Valuable and Important Letter from Rev. Dr. Deems, Pastor of the Church of the Strangers.

No. 4 WINTHROP PLACE, NEW YORK.

It gives me great pleasure to introduce to the favorable notice of my personal friends Dr. E. B. Lighthill, a physician whom I am able to recommend for unusual skill, from the success with which he has treated a daughter of mine. When I placed her under his treatment she was suffering from catarrh in an obstinate form, which had progressed so far as to injure her whole constitution. Dr. Lighthill succeeded not only in effecting a radical and permanent cure of the catarrh, but also in restoring her health completely.

Finding in my Pastoral work how widespread catarrhal affections are, it has occurred to me that it is a simple Christian duty to give Dr. Lighthill this statement, trusting that he may use it so as to make others know where they may have skill and attention, which I do not believe can be surpassed in the present state of medical science in this department.

And I deem it due to myself that it be stated that Dr. Lighthill's fee was fully discharged in currency, and this at least is not a clergyman's payment of a pecuniary obligation by an expression of gratitude.

CHARLES F. DEEMS.

Dr. LIGHTHILL receives patients from 9 to 3 at his OFFICE, No. 212 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

## ELECTRICITY THE GREATEST BOON!

Paoli's Electro-Voltaic Chain Belt, the wonderful scientific discovery, effects permanent cures of Chronic Diseases, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Kidney Disease, etc., etc. Electricity is life! Paoli's Belt gives a continuous current of electricity to the body, restoring the vital forces, and curing nervous debility and general exhaustion. The most eminent physicians use and recommend them. What sufferer who values his life will not try this great Therapeutic agent and life? For Circulars and Testimonials address, PAOLI BELT COMPANY, 12 Union Square, New York.

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Ladies.—Two cut paper patterns of any style of Mme. Harris's make will be sent to those subscribing for THE YOUNG LADIES' FASHION JOURNAL. It has all the latest styles, with excellent reading. The JOURNAL will be sent every month, free of postage, for one year on receipt of 30 cents. Send stamp for copy. Patterns of any article and of the latest style sent to any address on receipt of 15 cents each. MME. HARRIS, 785 Broadway, N. Y.

F. J. Nash removed to 781 Broadway, New York, opposite A. T. Stewart's, manufacturer of Solid Gold JEWELRY of every description. The stock is large, very choice, and is offered at retail at trade prices to keep our workmen going. Ladies' and gents' gold watches of the best makers, and chains of the best styles, at extremely low rates. Bills under \$15, P. O. order in advance; over \$15, C. O. D., privilege to examine. Catalogues free.

Keep your Bird in Health and Song by using SINGER'S PATENT Gravel Paper. For sale by all druggists and bird and cage-dealers. Depot, 582 Hudson St., N. Y.

Moody and Sankey creating such a revival furor in Great Britain, doubtless owe much of their success to the popularity of their hymn tunes. Sankey's best efforts are in the "Gospel Singer," Philip Phillips' new books for Sunday Schools. Sample copy by mail, 35 cents. Lee & Walker, publishers, Philadelphia.

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**FRENCH CHIP HATS AND BONNETS,** Trimmed in the most artistic and latest style.

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**STRAW GOODS!** Will open on Monday, 30 cases NEW CHIP HATS—the very latest novelties in Black, White, Brown, and Tan Drah, in all the new Parisian shades. Special Novelties in

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**IMMENSE REDUCTION IN RIBBONS.** SASH RIBBONS, 7, 8 and 9 inch, in all the new shades.

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RE-DISTILLED in Vacuo at 55 Fahrenheit, and thus rendered absolutely free from Fuel Oil Acids and all Impurities, gives no headache, causes no nausea, creates no craving, no dryness of tongue or throat, but stimulates and cheers without unduly exciting the brain or nervous system. No traveler should be without a flask! No other Liquors should be used, either for medicinal or convivial purposes. THE OLIVER & HARRIS COMPANY for Re-distilling in Vacuo (Incorporated). Rectifying House, 641 Hudson St., N. Y.

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**Did you Ever see a Child** that did not have holes through the toes of its shoes? If you did, they were protected by **SILVER TIPS**. They never wear through at the toes. Try them.

**To Convince You** of the great popularity of the **CABLE SCREW WIRE** you need only see the base imitations and vain attempts to get up something similar. Genuine goods have the Patent Stamp.

**The Beautiful Art of Decalcomania.**—20 Transfer Pictures and 1 Beautiful Gem Chromo, with full instructions and Catalogue containing 2,000 valuable articles, including Price List of Wax Flower Materials, in instructions without a teacher, etc., sent for 10 cents. Address, enclosing price, and a three-cent stamp, **E. ALEXANDER & CO., 66 Fulton Street, New York. AGENTS WANTED.** The trade supplied.

Please state the name of the paper you saw this in.

**A Card.**—The Phrenological and Publishing Business heretofore conducted in the name of S. R. Wells (late Fowler & Wells) will be continued at the new store, 737 Broadway, New York, under the firm name of S. R. Wells & Co. A large illustrated catalogue of new and standard books sent on receipt of stamp. Address, **S. R. WELLS & CO., 737 Broadway, New York.**

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Is the envy of every lady, and delight of gentlemen. Ladies who are not blessed by nature can very much improve their beauty by using Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth." It will remove all blemishes from the skin, leaving it perfectly beautiful. Sold at all druggists in the United States.



**FOR MOLE PATCHES, FRECKLES, AND TAN** ask your Druggist for Perry's Mole and Freckle Lotion. It is reliable.

**FOR PIMPLES ON THE FACE,** Blackheads or Fleshworms, use Perry's Improved Comedone and Pimple Remedy—the Great Skin Medi-line, or consult Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond Street, New York.

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**BOKER'S BITTERS.**  
Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations.

**LAC D'OR Champagne**  
OF BRUCH, FOUCHER & CO. F. A. SPRINGMANN & GEBHARD, 54 & 56 Broad Street, New York, Sole Agents for the U. S. and Canada.

**PLAIN AND FANCY TYPE,** 6 styles, \$4.50. Circular for stamp. **CLAUDE STRONG, Buffalo, N. Y.**

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**Sun & Rain Umbrellas,**

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**The Traveler's Guide.**

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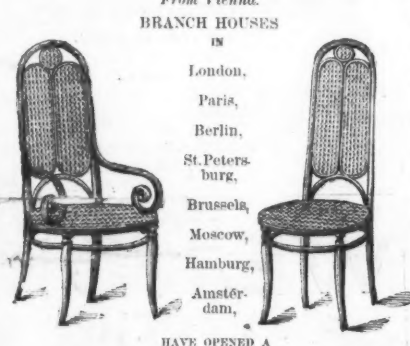
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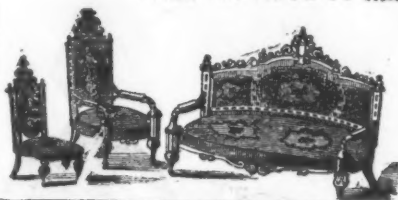
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